

Summer 2009

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THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

PEOPLE AND IDEAS FOR SUMMER 2009

arches

PacRim *journal*

A professor's thoughts
on learning *in situ*

PLUS: Michael Cunningham on words as music • Actress Darby Stanchfield '93
on staying real in Hollywood • Prof Derek Buescher on being quarantined in China

arches

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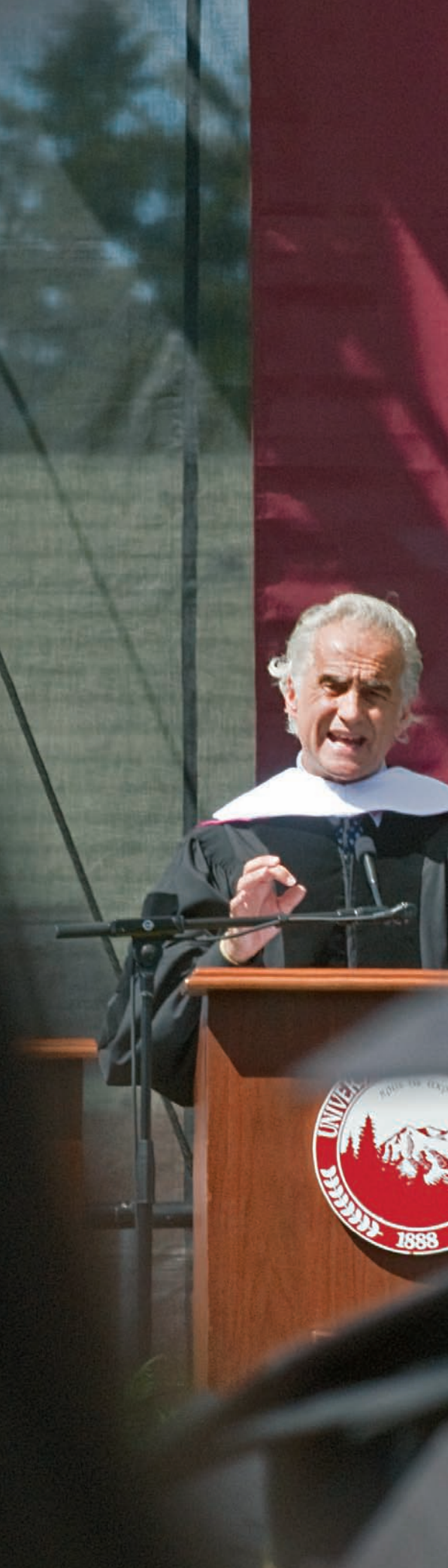
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on the cover

Photo of woman riding bicycle in Hanoi by Paul Thompson/Corbis.

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Commencement speaker Philip Mangano stands before 696 soon-to-be Puget Sound alumni in Baker Stadium on May 17. Photo by Ross Mulhausen, who always shoots with pomp and circumstance. For more on Commencement, turn to page 5.





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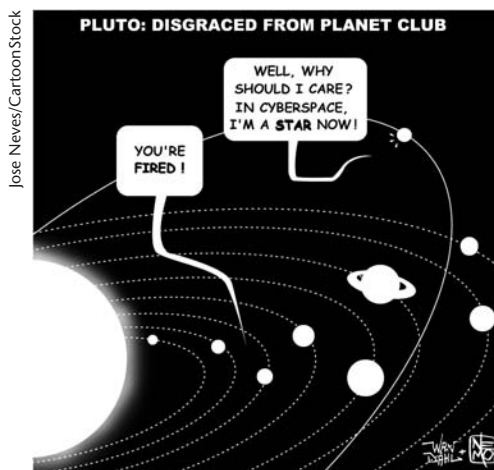
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A planet by any other name

A small correction regarding the planetary orbits mosaic mentioned in the latest edition of *Arches* ["Come up and see me sometime," spring 2009]: "Pluto was considered a planet at the time the mosaic was designed." Pluto is still considered a planet, albeit not on the same level it once was.

Unlike the general public, which memorizes the order of the planets using the mnemonic: "My Very Energetic Mother Just Served Us Nine Pizzas" or "Mary's Violet Eyes Make John Stay Up Nights Permanently," astronomers group planets together in terms of common physical properties. When Pluto was discovered in 1930 by Clyde Tombaugh, working at the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Ariz., it was realized it didn't share any physical properties with the other two classes of planets already known.

Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars are small, rocky planets grouped closely together near the sun and are known as terrestrial planets. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are large, gaseous planets with no solid surface, orbiting much farther apart and at great distances from the sun. These are collectively known as Jovian planets.

Pluto is an ice/rock object smaller than our moon. In the '90s we began discovering hundreds of similar sized (100- to 700-mile-wide) ice/rock bodies orbiting beyond Neptune in an area called the Kuiper Belt.

In 2003 an object was discovered in the Kuiper Belt beyond Pluto that was slightly larger than Pluto. This is what finally triggered the reconsideration of Pluto's status. It was

decided by a committee of the International Astronomical Union to name the new object Eris (after the Greek goddess of discord or chaos) and to create a new category of planets that would include Pluto, Eris, and the largest asteroid, Ceres. This new category is referred to as dwarf planets. Thus Pluto's status as a planet is preserved, but re-categorized, as we gain more knowledge about the far edges of our solar system.

As Michael Brown, the discoverer of Eris, put it during a talk at an American Astronomical Society meeting a couple of years ago, "Pluto always had it coming."

Dana Rush '74
Tacoma

The writer is an astronomy instructor at PLU, Green River CC, and UW-Tacoma.

Haunted by Andrus

Apparently we really struck a chord with the item in the winter issue on Professor Burton Andrus and the purported sightings of his ghost at his former home in the North End. The letters are still coming in:

I first met Burton Andrus when he came up after class. It was at CPS in the '50s. I had been teaching Shakespeare. I had noticed him as a bit older than the average student. He said, Did I remember that King Edward VIII had quit as admiral of the Grand Fleet to be the third mate of a Baltimore tramp? I remembered the joke that had gone around in 1938. I think I had been teaching *Antony and Cleopatra* and probably the line about Antony, "The triple pillar of the world transformed into a strumpet's fool," must have caught his imagination and brought this bit of black humor to mind. While in the Army he had been stationed in Palestine, and, when he learned that my wife and I were about to have our baby christened, he gave us a bottle of Jordan water, a tincture of questionable efficacy intended to imbue virtue in the child.

I learned then or later that Goering's suicide had done the colonel's career a grievous disfavor and that he had come down in the world. When we were invited to dinner, Mrs. Andrus commenced to reminisce: "I remember," she declared, "when I had General Patton on my right hand, and...and..." I don't

Contributors



Michael Cunningham ("On Words as Music," page 16) is the author of the novels *A Home at the End of the World*, *Flesh and Blood*, *The Hours* (which won a Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and a PEN/Faulkner Award), and *Specimen Days*. His visit to the Puget Sound campus was made possible by the Catherine Gould Chism Fund in the Humanities and Arts. Cunningham lives in New York City.



Since dipping back into the freelance writing pool last January, eight-year *Arches* contributor **Stacey Wilson**

'96 has covered the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah, Fashion Week in New York, and indulged her inner entertainment-reporting nerd with a jaunt to L.A. last spring to chat with actress Darby Stanchfield '93 ("Hollywood Is Mad about Darby Stanchfield," page 26). A longtime correspondent for *People* magazine, Wilson received her master's in journalism from Columbia University in 2001 and, despite enjoying a fruitful five years writing and living back in her hometown of Portland, continues to miss the Big Apple like crazy.



Karl Fields ("Being There," page 20), a professor of politics and government and director of the Asian Studies program, has

been on the Puget Sound faculty since 1990 and travels regularly to Asia. He lives in Gig Harbor with his wife, Melanie, and their four children.

remember who the other top brass were for whom the Weatherheads were such inadequate substitutes. Then, as I recall, Mrs. Andrus called on Burton to read "If," Kipling's long exhortation to a boy to become a man. My wife recalls that he read it; my memory is that we were spared.

I don't remember whether Burton finished the course in Shakespeare or even whether he was enrolled or just shopping around. Memory sometimes holds the door only for the colorful details. But if his ghost should appear, accost it with that exquisite line from the play and perhaps the perturbed spirit will rest: "The long day's task is done, and we must sleep."

A.K. Weatherhead
Eugene, Oregon

The writer taught English at Puget Sound and the University of Oregon.

Errata

John Finney '67, Puget Sound faculty emeritus, volunteer curator of a growing photo digitization project for the university archives, author of our "From the Archives" mini-department, and all-around great guy, pointed out two errors in the spring edition.

In the photo on page 20, the man raising his arm with Norton Clapp is not President Edward H. Todd, as we identified him, but Charles Robbins, CPS bursar from 1916 to 1946. "He contributed tremendously to the college, and someday I'll write his story," John told us. Eagle-eyed member of the Class of 1943 Herman Kleiner, who was there in 1940 when the photo was taken, also alerted us to the mistake. We stand corrected and have amended the online editions of *Arches*.

John Finney told us, too, that his story on Collins Memorial Library cited the wrong date for the library groundbreaking. It should have been April 14, 1953, not April 15, 1952. John was good to note the error, but he was the victim of misidentified sources. He took the 1952 date from an edition of *The Trail* that went out, astonishingly, with the wrong year printed in its masthead. Later, after we'd already gone to press with the spring *Arches*, John was re-searching another story and reading copies of *The Trail* from that era in sequence. It was then he discovered the error.

Finally, on occasion other alumni magazines have found themselves in the embarrassing position of printing obituaries for graduates who are still very much among the living. We have a policy in place at *Arches* to prevent that: We accept obits only if they come directly from the family or if they have appeared in a reputable newspaper. Over the years we've been pretty smug about never having had to endure any of the, er, premature deaths perpetrated in colleagues' publications. Alas, with such an attitude we were due for a comeuppance. It came in the spring issue, when we published a detailed and, as far as life accomplishments were concerned, accurate obituary for Joan Harrison Barnes '52. Only problem was, Joan is quite alive and active, and, we are thankful, has a good sense of humor. In sheepish defense, last December *The News Tribune* published a death notice for a Joan Barnes who lives in Western Washington and who was born in the same month, week, and year as our Joan. Not the same person, though, and we made a very wrong assumption. To Joan and her Puget Sound friends who received a start at the "news," our sincere apologies.

A bit of bling

In May, *Arches* received two awards from the Western Washington Chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists in its 2009 Excellence in Journalism competition: A first place in cover design for freelancer Mike Martin's autumn 2008 cover illustration, and a third place in government/political news/features for the autumn 2008 article on Hillary Clinton's visit to campus.

Arches is now on Facebook

Become a fan and get links to online alumni stories not covered in the magazine, behind-the-scenes news from *Arches* World Headquarters, outtakes from photo shoots, and occasional random thoughts from the editors.



Arches is printed with soy-based inks on paper that contains at least 10 percent post-consumer waste. The paper is certified by SmartWood to Forest Stewardship Council standards, and it is manufactured 20 miles from where *Arches* is printed and mailed.

zeitgeist

News, trends, history, and phenomena from the campus



WHAT WAS EARNED Former Puget Sound students who were taken from their studies and sent to internment camps during World War II were at Commencement to accept honorary Bachelor of Arts degrees: Shaking President Thomas' hand is Toshie Suyama, representing her brother, Shigeo Wakamatsu; Bonnie Higgins, representing her mother, Yoshiye Jinguji Hoshiko; Teresa Robbins, representing her father, Masayoshi Jinguji; Matthew Seto, representing his brother, Hugh Y. Seto; Michiko Jinguji Kiyokawa; and Yoshiko Fujimoto Sugiyama.

commencement

A broken circle completed

With immense pride and deserved fanfare, on May 17 Puget Sound awarded degrees to 696 students. A few of those degrees were a little late getting into the hands of recipients. Sixty-seven years late.

In the spring of 1942, following the bombing of Pearl Harbor and in response to government concerns about national security, the president of the United States signed Executive Order 9066, which directed 120,000 Japanese Americans to relocation camps away from the U.S. Pacific Coast, among them 36 Puget Sound undergrads. Only one of the UPS

students returned to the college to complete his studies. But with the Class of 2009, two of the former students—Yoshiko Fujimoto Sugiyama and Michiko Jinguji Kiyokawa, and family members representing Yoshiye Jinguji, Masayoshi Jinguji, Hugh Y. Seto, and Shigeo Wakamatsu—received the degree Bachelor of Arts, *Honoris Causa, Nunc pro Tunc* (meaning: “a thing is done at one time which ought to have been performed at another”).

Also receiving honorary degrees at Puget Sound's 117th graduation ceremonies were Harold Moss, the first African-American

mayor of Tacoma, and Commencement speaker Philip Mangano, recently retired director of the United States Interagency Council on Homelessness.

“You stand before us, and among us, as members of our family, on behalf of all of our classmates to whom we bid farewell in 1942, eloquent messengers of an ancient injustice, living lessons of the deceptions of history and the fierce dignity of forgiveness,” read Tamiko Nimura, assistant professor of English, in the citation for the Japanese-American honorands. “You have written on our hearts the enduring

power of sacrifice and the potency of patience. You have acted out before us the tragedy that comes when our principles are abandoned and our values surrendered. You have painted for us, in your lives of faithfulness, the bright beauty of returning treachery with honor.”

The Japanese-American students planted cherry trees on campus before they departed. The trees are the site of an annual remembrance.

Mishiko Kiyokawa eventually completed her studies at Hamline College in Minnesota. Three of her five children were at Commencement with her. Kiyokawa’s niece, Bonnie Higgins, accepted the honorary degree on behalf of Kiyokawa’s elder sister, Yoshiye

Jinguji Hoshiko, who is deceased.

Philip Mangano, whose career has included roles as a Hollywood music agent and a Boston breadline volunteer, coordinated the federal response to homelessness as the White House “Homeless Czar” from 2002 until 2009. He was praised for applying a business-like approach and principles of cost-benefit analysis to a problem that has defied a solution for decades. His focus on providing housing for the long-term homeless appeared to reap results when a 2008 Department of Housing and Urban Development report cited 12 percent fewer people living on the streets in 2007 than in 2005.

“I am honored to be counted among those receiving degrees

today with Mayor Moss and those who had been treated inappropriately by government in the past,” said Mangano. “Caring for the vulnerable—not displacing them—is an appropriate role of government, and I’m glad that this university has sought to offer its remedy to that past.”

Mangano then urged the graduates to build upon the work that is already going on at the university to help end homelessness in Pierce County: “Ten years ago in the United States when we looked at the issue of homelessness, we were essentially in détente with the disgrace. ...

“Haven’t you always wanted to be part of a conspiracy? A co-conspirator?

“A conspiracy is a ‘breathing together’ to accomplish a mission. All of us breathing together to one goal, one purpose, one mission—ending the long misery and human tragedy of homelessness. To overcome the voices that would relegate us to détente with wrong.”

Harold Moss received a Doctor of Laws, *Honoris Causa*. Moss was a Tacoma City Council member for 13 years and mayor for two. The citation for his degree described his many contributions as a national civil rights leader for more than 60 years and concluded: “You have said that you wished to be remembered as a fair guy who treated everyone equally and who wasn’t afraid to love folks. You have done so. And you will be so remembered, and have been loved in return: loved, but also admired.”

Commencement photos, full citations for the honorary degree recipients, and the complete text of Philip Mangano’s speech can be found at www.pugetsound.edu/x28548.xml

Where are ‘09 grads going?

Each spring the college’s Office of Career and Employment Services conducts a senior “destination” survey. Students are asked, “Next fall, what is most likely to be your principal activity?” Facing one of the toughest job markets in decades, this is what the students said:

Among members of the Class of 2009 who are planning to join the workforce, 27 percent have jobs lined up. At Commencement time last year 32 percent of seniors who planned employment had jobs. In recent years the average has been 34 percent.

Of the seniors who plan to attend graduate school, 77 percent have enrolled. In 2008 that figure was 70 percent; the four-year average is 66 percent. Eighteen percent of students planning to attend graduate school applied earlier than originally anticipated.

Other trends that CES staff members have noticed:

Students appear to be turning to or returning abroad for jobs, fellowships, and volunteer opportunities. (The senior class boasts six Fulbright fellows, for example.)

Many students report putting off job searches until they perceive that the job market is improving.

CES staffers note that joining the ASK Network (Alumni Sharing Knowledge) is the single most important way alumni can help students with career and grad school planning. You can sign up at www.pugetsound.edu/joinASK.xml. You also can help students connect with jobs and internships by referring employers to www.pugetsound.edu/hirepugetsoundstudents.

University archives



Members of the Puget Sound Japanese American Students Club posed for this *Tamanaw* photograph outside Jones Hall in 1941.

Still searching

The university was able to locate 15 of the 36 Japanese-American students forced to interrupt their studies at the start of World War II. If you know where any of the following are or can tell anything about them, please call the Office of the President at 253-879-3237 or write president@pugetsound.edu: Tom Goto, Toru Hamaguchi, Kayne Horita, Ben Ishioka, George Ishioka, Waichi Kawai, Aiko Kimura Tsuyuki, Hatsuye Kurose, Takanobu Matsui, Ryo Munekata, Keigie Omori, Mayme Semba Nishimura, George Takahashi, Masao Tanabe, Yutaka Tanabe, June Uyeda, Salem Yagawa, Gengi Yamamoto, Margaret Yamamoto, Jimmy Yoshioka.

From the archives



This 1908 farmhouse eventually became the first music building.



The second music building under construction, 1952–53. That's Professor of Music Bruce Rodgers and President Franklin Thompson looking on.



Rodgers takes delivery of pianos for the new building.

The faces behind the buildings: The music building

The physical address for the campus is generally given as 1500 North Warner Street, which is actually smack in the middle of the Jones Hall foyer. Were a physical address to be given to the music building, 1503 North Puget Sound would do. When the College of Puget Sound moved from its Sixth and Sprague location to the current campus in 1924 it inherited an apple orchard and a wooden house at that address. The house is where the story of the music building begins.

According to Donald Raleigh '40, the house was built by his grandfather, Tacoma City Engineer Norton Lonstreth Taylor, between September and December 1908. The design was from *Craftsman* magazine, edited by Gustav Stickley. Raleigh was born in the house in 1918.

College of Puget Sound president Edward Todd had to decide what to do with the house, located just west of Jones Hall. Most students commuted from their homes in those days but some were from out of the area, and the house became a dormitory for non-resident women.

Known as "The Sacajawea Cottage" during its use as a women's dormitory, the first group of 16 students moved in for the 1924–1925 academic year. Each year thereafter through 1929–1930 the cottage housed between seven and 18 women and a house mother. Louisa Goulder served as house mother from the beginning through 1928–1929. Marie Tait was house mother for 1929–1930. She made cakes for her charges on their birthdays.

After the 1929–1930 school year the cottage was remodeled yet again to become the home for the Conservatory of Music. The college's music program was housed there for more than two decades, but by 1950 the house was in bad shape and had become a fire hazard. President R. Franklin Thompson learned how shabby the old wooden building was one day when he leaned against a fireplace mantle. The mantle fell to the floor in a cloud of soot.

The *Tacoma Daily Index* in early November 1950 printed an invitation to contractors to submit bids for construction of a new music building. Unfortunately, the lowest bid was for \$75,000 more than the trustees expected to spend. The contractor who submitted the lowest bid agreed to wait 45 days while the trustees went to work to find the additional money. This effort was unsuccessful and bids were solicited

anew. The Strom Construction Company was selected as general contractor, and groundbreaking took place following the Commencement ceremony on Sunday, June 1, 1952. The Sacajawea Cottage was demolished, since the new building would occupy the same ground.

The music building opened for limited instruction in the summer of 1953 and was completed late that fall. More than 500 people attended an open house on Sunday, Nov. 22, 1953. The new music building featured a record-listening room, a library for the department's collection of recorded and sheet music, 21 practice rooms with the capacity for 20 more, a student lounge, a faculty lounge, new sound and recording equipment, 30 new pianos, several performance and academic classrooms, and a 250-seat recital hall named posthumously for music professor Leonard Jacobsen.

The music building has not been named, so whose face is behind it? The person who might most be in the running for this honor was Samuel Perkins, former owner of the *Tacoma Ledger* and *Daily News*. Perkins had given to the college before, including funds for the bust of Edward H. Todd that is on display today in Collins Memorial Library. Perkins pledged to give \$150,000 toward the \$425,000 cost of the building. The trustees agreed that if he did so, the building would be named for him, but Perkins gave only \$50,000 before his death. His estate, according to his children, could not produce the remaining \$100,000. The music building was therefore not named Perkins Hall.

Another name deserves mention in connection with the music building, that of J. Bruce Rodgers. When Professor Rodgers joined the College of Puget Sound faculty as director of the Department of Music in September 1952, the new music building was only a hole in the ground. He therefore had time to tweak the plans to incorporate features that were important to the eventual successful use of the facility. For example, the door to the concert hall was made large enough to get a grand piano in. The band room was lowered so that the musicians on the rear tier of risers would not hit their heads on the ceiling.

The music building was the first classroom building to be constructed after Jones and Howarth halls were built in the 1920s. Music building classrooms were used for English and history classes, as well as for music classes, until the music program grew to the point that it required all of the instructional space. Leonard Jacobsen Recital Hall was replaced by the much larger Schneebeck Concert Hall in 2002.

— John Finney '67



TRACKING WORKER MORALE In a long-term study of Boeing employees, Professors Moore and Grunberg found questionable job security to be worse than a certain, negative outcome.

research

Stress? Sometimes a pink slip is better than a pay check

For the thousands of Americans who lost their jobs in 2009 (this writer, for one) any hope of a midyear economic uptick and a return to gainful employment has by now come and gone. But before we among the laid off begin feeling too sorry for ourselves, consider what two Puget Sound profs found when they studied the suprisingly distressed workers who remain on the job. In tough economic times, it appears, there's plenty of funk to go around.

"The level of uncertainty suffered by those left behind at the office and the stress suffered by managers are often worse than being fired," says Puget Sound Professor of Sociology Leon Grunberg, who, with psychology prof Sarah Moore and two professors from the University of Colorado, conducted a long-term study at Boeing on how bosses and employees fare in the wake of mass layoffs. Their research will be published in the forthcoming book *Turbulence: Working Through Change at Boeing* (Yale University Press).

"Managers called the process 'devastating,' and employees who were left behind suffered tremendous anxiety and inability to focus," says Grunberg. "They constantly wondered, 'Am I next?'"

Between the early 1990s and mid-2000s, Boeing execs saw a need to revamp their business model, primarily in response to more formidable competition in the international marketplace. It was a process that became known as "lean manufacturing," and thousands lost jobs—jobs

that, following previous slowdowns or labor disputes, were usually reinstated. But this new era was different and a lot more complicated. It marked the first time in Boeing's recent history that the company underwent massive layoffs without the expectation that workers would be hired back.

"It was a profound shift in identity for employees," says Moore. "The rhetoric changed from 'the Boeing family' to 'the team.' People felt deep betrayal in a way they never had."

The environment was ripe for sociological and psychological examination. Moore says the "main pulse" of their study began in 1997. The researchers surveyed 3,500 randomly picked Boeing employees, ranging from factory workers to supervisors to 410 upper-level managers. Pen-and-paper questionnaires were sent to employees' homes and included a battery of questions relating to job satisfaction, level of depression, and how it felt to lose—and fire—fellow workers. Grunberg and Moore surveyed the same group again in late 1999/early 2000, in 2003, and most recently in 2006.

From a fiscal perspective, the employment casualties may have been worth it. By the mid-2000s Boeing stock had jumped and orders were up, but so was the toll on worker morale. Grunberg and Moore's data revealed significant declines in areas such as trust in management, commitment to the organization, and job satisfaction. Some of those attitudes did not rebound in 2006, even after the company's fortunes improved. And the lingering effects on laid off employees were less severe than those left behind.

"The ones cut loose felt betrayed, like one might feel leaving a bad marriage," Moore says. "But one is often kind of glad and relieved to be out of a bad marriage. More often than not it was the employees still on the job who had the high blood pressure, aches and pains, and sickness," she says, citing that Boeing workers who opted to take voluntary buyouts actually had lower depression scores and fewer health problems than those who stayed on.

"Uncertainty proved to be worse than a certain, negative outcome," says Moore.

Grunberg and Moore's study ended before the economy officially fell apart, but their findings are even more salient now. Since the recession began in late 2007, nearly 3 million Americans have lost their jobs. The media's take on the collapse has recently shifted from "uh oh, we're in trouble" to "uh oh, this is only the beginning," peppering the Web (and what's left of newspapers) with reports like "Recession Leaves Many Workers in Limbo" (MSNBC), "Those Doing the Layoffs Can Feel Lingering Stress" (*USA Today*), and "Layoffs Difficult for Those Who Stay" (ITBusinessedge.com), all stories for which Grunberg was recently asked to lend his expertise on worker morale.

"It's very, very tough now, but I think younger generations can learn a lot from the current economy," he says. "College grads are asking themselves, 'What kind of relationship do I want with my work? Do I want to rely on a big company for my long-term security?' Young people will be forced to be more open-minded, entrepreneurial, and not close any doors professionally. This is why liberal arts graduates are probably in a better place than most. They're used to being adaptive," says Grunberg.

Whew. Finally. A dash of hope. — **Stacey Wilson '96**



ALL TOGETHER NOW The women's varsity eight finished fifth in the Grand Final at the NCAA Championships.

sports

Spring roundup

Women's golf ties for league championship; new school records in baseball and softball

An overall good showing by Logger teams this spring saw Puget Sound complete the year in second place behind Whitworth in the standings for the annual Northwest Conference McIlroy-Lewis All-Sports Trophy. Among season highlights:

After spending the season ranked fifth nationally, women's crew took home a fifth place at the NCAA Championship Regatta in Cherry Hill, N.J. The men's rowing team won its second straight Northwest Collegiate Rowing Conference Championship and its seventh in the last 10 years.

Women's golf finished the year tied for the top spot in the Northwest Conference with Whitworth and advanced to the NCAA Championship. The men's golf team also climbed to a co-runner-up finish, their highest in the past three seasons, and grabbed 15 points to add to the NWC All-Sports Trophy tally.

A pair of UPS track and field athletes qualified for the NCAA national championship. Greg Bailey '09 and Caitlin McGrane '11 made their marks in the hammer throw and heptathlon, respectively.

The baseball team finished in sixth place with a 13–18 NWC record and a 16–23 record overall. Catcher Mark Rockey '10 was named First Team All-NWC, First Team All-West Region, and Third Team All-America. Rockey batted .444 and set a new school record with 17 doubles and 13 home runs.

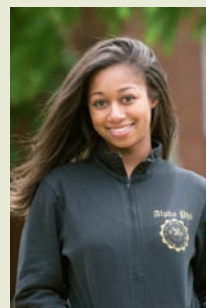
In tennis, the men grabbed a sixth-place finish in the NWC with a 7–14 record overall. The women finished with a 1–15 record. One bright spot was Sam Taylor '10, who earned Second Team All-NWC honors.

Continuing the trend of sixth-place finishes in the conference, softball fell to that position after posting a 16–24 overall record. First baseman Victoria Raeburn '09 earned Second Team All-NWC honors after batting .341 and hitting a new school record of 16 doubles.

The women's lacrosse team capped the spring sports season with a fantastic campaign, only losing two games. Sofia Lama '11 paced a high-scoring offense with 53 goals. — **Vince Ghiringhelli '10**

At college

The not-so-lazy days of summer



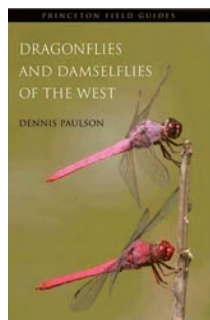
So far this summer has been great! After an extremely demanding spring semester, it's nice to be able to take a break from school and pursue my own interests. I have stayed plenty busy by keeping my job at *Arches* over the summer. I even got the privilege of composing

a few class notes this time around, which was a really good experience because I learned a great deal about entries in the *Associated Press Stylebook*, which we use at the magazine to keep text composition consistent, and it's also fun to see what alums are up to, learning about what they have done postgraduation. Aside from working at *Arches*, I also have a part-time retail job at a mall near my home that I really enjoy and may even decide to keep throughout the school year. I also have a position working for the city of Covington, Wash., as a community relations intern. So far I love my internship, and although I have only been working at it a short time, I have already learned a lot about public and media relations. I recently wrote my first press release for the city, which to most people probably isn't a very big deal but to me it was a very exciting experience. Between juggling jobs I have also found time to relax and catch up on much-needed sleep that I lost this past semester, and I have also gotten the chance to spend time with my family, see several old friends from high school, and hang out with friends from UPS.

Even though it is summer, my responsibilities on campus are not far from my mind. I still have another semester to go as the president of Alpha Phi. One of our members has been hard at work rebuilding our chapter Web site. It will be up and running by the fall, which is a really big step for our house. We will also be hosting a new philanthropic event this fall. Although I am really looking forward to beginning my junior year and resuming my position, I am enjoying the slower pace that summer provides. I just hope it doesn't fly by too fast! — **Lestraundra Alfred '11**

media

A 'must have' field guide


Dragonflies and Damselflies of the West
 Dennis Paulson, director emeritus, Slater
 Museum of Natural History

 535 pages, paperback
 Princeton University Press, 2009
<http://press.princeton.edu>

As I first paged through Dennis Paulson's latest book, my wife noticed it was a hefty tome and asked what I was reviewing. Upon learning that it was *Dragonflies and Damselflies of the West* her question was, "Are there that many?"

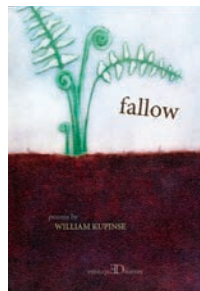
Indeed, there are 348 species that call the western U.S. and Canada home, and Paulson covers each of them in intricate detail and glorious color photography in this addition to the Princeton Field Guides series.

The first 40 pages are devoted to introductory material, including general descriptions of dragonfly and damselfly habits, life cycle, and anatomy, as well as tips for finding, identifying, observing, photographing, and collecting these fascinating insects. The remaining pages are devoted to photographs of and specific details about each individual species, including maps of where to find them and notes on their natural history and migration patterns.

Paulson has gained a reputation as one of the world's top odonatologists, and one of the cover notes suggests that *Dragonflies and*

Damselflies of the West will immediately become the "must have" field guide for those interested in the topic as researchers or hobbyists. It's quite a weighty volume and for field use will take up a fair amount of the available space in your daypack, but with such stunning photography it could serve equally well at home on the coffee table.

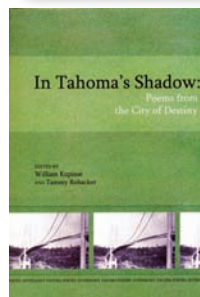
— Greg Scheiderer


**William Kupinse, associate
 professor of English**
Fallow

84 pages, paperback

**In Tahoma's Shadow: Poems from the City
 of Destiny**

150 pages, paperback

 both published by Exquisite Disarray, 2009
www.exquisedisarray.org


William Kupinse's first book of poems, *Fallow*, provides insights that go beyond the merely clever. They speak to the heart: of love, memory, a childhood game turned deadly, and movingly of the land. He writes of driving out of town "past/franchised churches and Indian land, past the parched/and undulating fields, each blade a withered shoulder leaning/on the next, a continental shiver born from heat, the way/the land speaks to itself when no one's listening ("On Giving First-year Students a Quiz on Ginsberg's *Howl*"). His poems shimmer and inform, and promise more riches ahead. Proceeds from sales of *Fallow*

Photojournal

by Ross Mulhausen



APRIL 9: MANY THANKS A reception for retiring faculty honors Professor of International Political Economy David Balaam, Professor of History Theodore Taranovski, Dean of the School of Education Christine Kline, Professor of English Robert Garratt, and Professor of Chemistry Kenneth Rousslang.



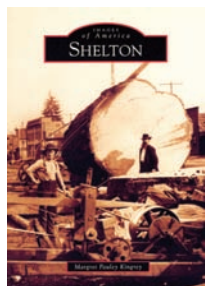
APRIL 21: TAKING IT TO THE STREET Joseph Velasquez and Greg Nanney, cofounders of the design collective Drive By Press, talk about guerilla printmaking and their traveling collection of press art, and give a printmaking demonstration outside Kittredge Hall.



APRIL 24: SMOOSHED Suzannah Sterten '11 takes one for a good cause (Relay for Life) at the Pie a Pi Beta Phi fundraiser.

will support the publication of emerging Northwest poets.

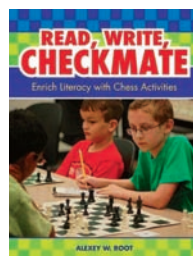
Tacoma-based Exquisite Disarray also just published *In Tahoma's Shadow: Poems from the City of Destiny*, co-edited by Kupinse (who was the 2008–09 Urban Grace poet laureate of Tacoma) and Tacoma poet Tammy Robacker. Featuring works by several Puget Sound faculty and students, the book brings together local voices that pay homage to St. Joseph Hospital, speak from the view of the truck driver killed in the Atlas Foundry explosion, or describe the dark irony of a honeymoon in Cambodia. Another creates a father's homecoming that recalls Theodore Roethke's "My Papa's Waltz," sans the dark undertones. Many speak astutely for our threatened planet. — **Lenny Granger**



Images of America: Shelton
Margret Pauley Riddle Kingrey '75
128 pages, paperback
Arcadia Publishing, 2009
www.arcadiapublishing.com

Logger authors seem to have a lock on the Images of America series; we count at least three titles in our bookcase of alumni authors here at *Arches*. Margret Kingrey adds to that impressive collection with this pictorial history of the Mason County, Wash., city of Shelton. Built by hard-working pioneers, the town grew and prospered through logging, dairying, and oyster cultivation, and later, Christmas trees. To this day the Simpson Timber Company mill dominates the downtown landscape.

Kingrey is a fifth-generation Washingtonian and a member of the Mason County Historical Society.



Read, Write, Checkmate: Enrich Literacy with Chess Activities
Alexey Rudolph Root '83
128 pages, paperback
Teacher Ideas Press, 2009
www.teacherideaspress.com

Generations of teachers have been using games in the classroom. In eighth-grade algebra we played the dice-based baseball game APBA on the pretense of learning about probability and statistics. My mom was skeptical, but I can still do batting averages in my head.

Alexey Root was the U.S. women's chess champion in 1989. Now an educator, Root uses chess as a teaching tool, and *Read, Write, Checkmate: Enrich Literacy with Chess Activities* is her third book on the subject. It's aimed at those who would teach chess to kids in grades three through eight. While older students can pick up the basics of the game rather quickly, children in the younger grades need more time to digest its complexity. *Read, Write, Checkmate* starts with explanations of the board and of the pieces and how they move, then examines special moves and situations. Root includes exercises to help reinforce each lesson.

The key to the learning is to have the students make official chess notations on each game they play. Later they analyze the games, mark where they went right or wrong, and then write about it. They improve their chess, and they practice critical analysis and literacy to boot.

Read, Write, Checkmate includes entertaining essays by students about such subjects as why everyone is after the queen, or how the bishop protects the king by slicing his enemies "in a diagonal slash of fury and honor." — **GS**



JUNE 4: TEACHING ABOUT TEACHING A dozen professors from several departments begin their summer with the 2009 James Dolliver Seminar, led by Professor of English Hans Ostrom. The seminar was called "Difficult Texts: Teaching 'Difference' at Puget Sound" and focused on teaching texts that raise diversity issues in the classroom.



JUNE 25: FIELDHOUSE FACE-LIFT The blank, grey stare of the Memorial Fieldhouse entrance will soon be a lot friendlier as workers add windows to the second-floor gallery and a new entrance canopy, and exchange macadam for grass at ground level. The project will be complete by the time classes begin.



JULY 9: COLLEGE PREP Sixty-three 7th through 12th graders are on campus for Summer Academic Challenge, the annual month-long, tuition-free, math and science enrichment program.



MY CHAUFFEUR, THE HAZMAT MAN Alas, Professor Buescher's "extraction" to quarantine wasn't quite as discrete as he had hoped.



SELF-PORTRAIT WITH FLU PRECAUTION Buescher in the ambulance, blue lights flashing, en route to an unplanned week of solitude.

notes from the field

Quarantined: Thoughts from behind a surgical mask

In May we learned that Associate Professor of Communication Studies Derek Buescher, who is director of forensics here at the college, was in China, quarantined by authorities there because he had been on a plane with a passenger who contracted the A/H1N1 virus (so-called "swine flu"). Confined to a hotel room for almost a week, the good professor had, shall we say, a little time on his hands and a good Internet connection, so we asked if he'd write something about how in the world he wound up sequestered in another country and what it was like. This is his report:

Near the end of my most recent visit to China a colleague handed me a going-home present. Wrapped in a red, plastic grocery store bag was a pirated copy of the 2008 Hollywood horror flick *Quarantine*.

Not exactly my kind of film, I thought (confirmed after I unfortunately watched the trailer), but, then, the gift wasn't meant for viewing. It was a joke, a parting token of sorts, since my 19-day stay in China was interrupted by my own stint in quarantine. Thankfully, I didn't need to watch the movie to know my experiences differed dramatically from the characters of Hollywood horror. Quarantine, for me, did indeed carry a certain stigma—the constant suspicion of infectious illness that requires others to keep their distance, wear surgical masks, and label all of my garbage a biohazard—but, all things considered, it was relatively little more than an inconvenience.

I have been fortunate over the last year to travel to China on three

occasions to train Chinese students and educators in debate practice and argumentation theory. My first trip in May 2008 opened my eyes to the potential power of debate as not only a transformative educational endeavor, but as a cross-cultural initiation of dialogue. May 2009 was my third trip, and I was scheduled for three days of training followed by tournament administration for the 13th Annual Foreign Language Teaching Research and Press (FLTRP) English Debate Championship. The FLTRP Cup is the largest collegiate debate tournament in China.

After completion of the training sessions near Daxing on May 11, I was preparing for an excursion into Beijing itself when I happened to turn on the television in my room, something I had not done since I arrived. On a Chinese-language channel I noticed a scroll across the screen that set into motion a bizarre series of events. Passengers of my flight from Tokyo, Northwest Airlines 029, were being asked to contact the Beijing Center for Disease Control. Someone on that plane had a confirmed case of the A/H1N1 virus. I contacted another trainer from the States, the one who would eventually give me the movie, and we began the process of notifying the tournament conveners.

China received internal and international criticism for how it handled the 2003 SARS outbreak. The response to A/H1N1 needs to be understood in light of that criticism and in conjunction with the facts that A/H1N1 is still a relatively unknown disease, spreads easily, and China, despite its geographical breadth, is a densely populated country. Beijing alone is home to roughly 17 million people, many of whom live in close contact in high-rise apartments and condominiums.

The memory of SARS and the knowledge that the Chinese government was taking no risks with A/H1N1 sent its own tremor of panic through the tournament conveners. The FLTRP Cup bills itself as, and likely is, "The most prestigious English debating competition in China." The conveners of this tournament spend months putting it together,



MAY I TAKE YOUR BAG, SIR At the quarantine hotel, Buescher was met by this helpful bellhop, replete with mask and latex gloves.



NO WAY OUT The exit door in the quarantine hall of the hotel was sealed off.

All photos: Derek Buescher

and it is the culminating educational experience for many students as well as a significant national event. Observers of the 2008 final round included the British ambassador to China, Sir William Ehrman; host of *CCTV Dialogue* Yang Rui (a better looking and perhaps more talented Chinese Larry King); and former Minister of Foreign Affairs and former Chinese Ambassador to the United States Li Zhaoxing. Ambassador Ehrman again attended in 2009, along with Ministry of Foreign Affairs spokesman Qin Gang and Cambridge Press CEO and director Stephen Bourne. I would compare the FLTRP Cup to an analogous event in the United States, but there simply is not one.

Needless to say, the panic of my departure—after all, I was trusted with the responsibility of tournament administration—generated some stress for me and those around me. We were dwelling in a world of unknowns. I would be lying if I said waiting in a foreign country for governmental authorities to take me away was not nerve wracking. I don't speak Mandarin, and I knew this would add to the confusion once I was isolated from my Chinese friends who act always when I travel as my crutch. In addition I was traveling with three students whose parents had entrusted me with the safety of their children. (Fortunately we were on separate flights into Beijing.) I was going to be quarantined not knowing for how long, where, or under what conditions. I was nearly certain, fueled by the response of the Chinese conveners of the tournament, that my presence was going to either make people leave the tournament en masse, shut the event down completely, or compel the CDC to quarantine all 600 participants. And I began to wonder if I actually *would* contract the virus and end up in an infectious disease ward in Beijing. That certainly would be newsworthy—the first human-to-human spread of the virus and first U.S. citizen hospitalized in China—but not the type of press I was hoping for.

Prior to my “extraction” I waited for health officials to arrive and, when they did, I was escorted out of the hotel by health officials wearing hazmat suits and masks into a small ambulance, its blue lights flickering off the walls of the courtyard, and finally taken to the quarantine hotel. I had hoped, given the potential fear caused by my departure, that the extraction would be more discrete. It was not. I can say with confidence I never imagined my time in Beijing would include my first-ever ambulance ride, a ride that became lost repeatedly (Beijing streets are confusing even to locals), only to be greeted at the drop-off by a bellhop replete with tiny white cap, surgical gloves, and mask. I was given a warm welcome, with a bouquet of daisies and lilies, fresh fruit, and a meal.

The middle of the story is much less exciting than the beginning. If you recall the Tom Hanks film *Cast Away*, you will remember the movie begins with the circumstances that left him stranded and ends with his escape and rescue. The tedious four years in between are not depicted. Quarantine is the same. Most everything in the middle is a bore. It is, after all, about waiting: waiting to become ill, waiting to be released, and just waiting.

In the end, none of my fears became reality (although that doesn't mean I'll be watching *Quarantine* anytime soon). I did not get sick, even though my paranoia had me convinced I was hospital bound at one point. I met kind fellow “captives” and knew that if I did become ill I would receive excellent care. I was released on the final day of the tournament and made it back to judge the second semifinal and grand-final debates.

Over the time of my isolation, I think I came to understand the symbolic definition of quarantine. Quarantine is the isolation of hope itself for the fear of tragedy. Or, perhaps, quarantine is the isolation of fear for hope itself.



good teachers/good friends

Bob Matthews: still learning

Bob Matthews joined Puget Sound Revels, the annual winter solstice festival, because he enjoyed music. Now, some 14 years later, he's developed a passion for singing, and he's learned to appreciate the rigors of rehearsal.

"The directors are very professional and very demanding," he says. "I've worked hard, but it's made me a much better singer than I was when I started."

Matthews hopes his math classes similarly inspire.

"I like to think my students learn that anything they want to do will require hard work," he says. "I'm not foolish enough to think every one of the students will become passionate about mathematics, but I'm always pleased when they work hard and master something that was previously difficult for them."

Matthews, a graduate of the University of Idaho, joined Puget Sound's mathematics department in 1978. For 30 years he's taught students about topics ranging from triangle concurrency and graph isomorphism to knot invariants. And, by example, he's also taught them the value of being lifelong learners.

Most semesters find Matthews sitting in on another professor's class. He's audited French courses and painting courses (that's a self-portrait behind him in the photo at left), quantum mechanics courses and, most recently, he completed a ceramics class. In his free time, what there is of it, he is taking violin lessons through the university's community music program.

"One of my very favorite things about this university is that opportunities to learn are everywhere," he says. "I love seeing how my colleagues teach and interact with students; I pick up ideas from seeing them work. And I love being able to explore new topics."

French is appealing to Matthews, for instance, because he has a special interest in French mathematics at the end of the 1800s and early 1900s. Future semesters may find him over in the English department.

"[Professor] Hans Ostrom claims he can teach me to write poetry," says Matthews. "I may have to take him up on that."

Matthews also relishes the opportunity to give back to the university through an oral history project he's helping to head up.

Along with English Professor Florence Sandler, University Registrar and Associate Professor Emeritus John Finney, and others, he's working to gather stories about the school's past, specifically the years surrounding the Thompson and Phibbs presidencies.

"I got interested in the idea because of a dinner I had with [Professor Emeritus of Geology] Norm Anderson," he says. "He told these terrific stories about growing up on Sixth Avenue and coming back here to teach. I was totally entertained and, at the same time, I started to worry that Norm is not a young man. It occurred to me—and others—that we need to get these stories down on paper."

Matthews laments that work on the oral history project is taking longer than he'd hoped. Most of the interviews and writing are done during school breaks, when he's not teaching.

"It's not an easy or quick process, but it's important to me that we do this," he says. "I've taught here about half my life. I love this university, the faculty, staff, and students. Working on this university's biography is just a small way for me to give back."

"Besides, it's another opportunity to learn, and that's something I rarely turn down."

— Mary Boone

On words as music

In April, **Michael Cunningham**, author of *The Hours* and, most recently, *Specimen Days* (which channels Walt Whitman and which we promise will send you tearing through boxes and closets, looking for your old copy of *Leaves of Grass*) was on campus to conduct a master class. This is what he said:

Language, as we employ it in fiction, is a medium made up of roughly equal parts meaning and music. This is something I announce to my fiction-writing students at the beginning of every semester, and if I'm lucky, about half of them have some remote idea of what I'm talking about. If I'm very lucky, a few are able, over the course of the semester, not only to take it in but to demonstrate their understanding by beginning to write sentences worth the paper they're printed on.

Although, after years of teaching writing, I've learned to keep my expectations modest, I'm still at least a little bit surprised by how many new writers come to the task without knowing that what they are, or what they must learn to be, is both storyteller and musician. It's a simple enough concept, and it goes more or less like this. While not every sentence necessarily needs to contain a subject, object, and verb, every sentence does need to have rhythm, cadence, movement, and a pattern of sounds. Without those elements, a sentence doesn't bury its miniscule hooks in the reader's brain. And a story, if it's not composed of compelling, rhythmic (or arrestingly arrhythmic) sentences, may move forward in a rudimentary, what-happens-next fashion, but it doesn't live, it doesn't spin, it doesn't glitter. Not if its every line is merely plunked down like one more cinder block on a construction site. Language, as a proper storyteller employs it, is a kind of spoken (or, all right, written) song, and its seductive powers have as much to do with sound as they do with the need to find out whether the princess will marry the commoner, the bank will foreclose on the farmer's land, or the orphan will be restored to his true estate.

I also always convey to my students, generally at a later point in the semester, two more fundamental facts about prose as it relates to

sound: that pretty much every writer we admire, at least since the turn of the 19th century, wrote so distinctly—so idiosyncratically—that we can generally recognize him or her in a single sentence; and that any well-written paragraph in English, whether the work of an acknowledged master or a new Young Turk, should sound like *something* when read aloud, even to a listener who doesn't understand English.

Let's consider a couple of examples.

"From a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon they sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that—a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which (as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house) became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Quentin thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them."

It will probably surprise few of you that that was William Faulkner, from *Absolom, Absolom*. Faulkner remains our ultimate maximalist; one of the first great writers in this or any language to insist that the sentence knows no limits; that it is not only almost infinitely malleable but, like many creatures, does not respond all that well to captivity. You could probably say, roughly, that he was our literary Schoenberg, at least insofar as he not only broke the mold, linguistically, but insisted that there really wasn't a mold of any consequence to begin with.

Let's contrast Faulkner with another American pioneer of voice.

"He was waiting for the moon to rise and

he felt Kibo's hair rise under his hand as he stroked him to be quiet and they both watched and listened as the moon came up and gave them shadows."

That would, of course, be the other Big Voice in 20th-century American literature, Ernest Hemingway, the opening line of a story called "An African Story." I'm not sure who to compare Hemingway to in early 20th-century music and should probably refrain from trying.

I would like, however, to talk to you briefly about the *musical* differences between those two sentences.

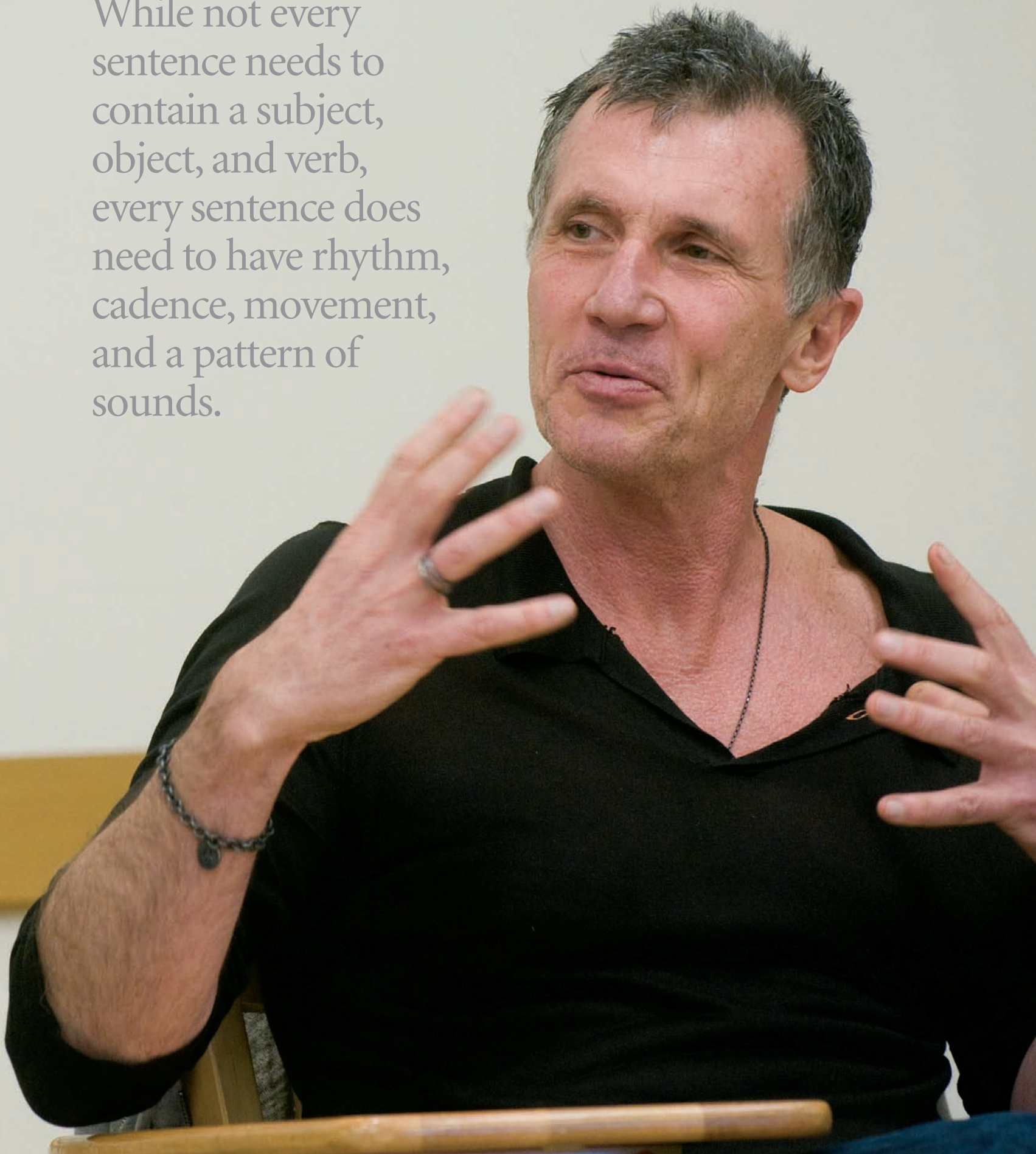
We can begin with punctuation, that least glamorous of literary elements. The Faulkner passage is heavily punctuated. It contains commas, an em-dash, and a phrase set off by parentheses. The Hemingway contains no punctuation marks at all. And so we understand that Faulkner means us to read—or, more precisely, to hear inside our minds—a sentence with rises and falls, with pauses, whereas Hemingway means us to read—to hear—a steady, almost oceanic rush of language that starts at full tilt and doesn't slow down until the sentence ends.

We should look, too, at the ways in which both writers have chosen and arranged their words. Although it probably registered subliminally when you heard me read the line, Faulkner keeps coming back to the sharp, sibilant S sound. The line literally *hisses* at us, and so we understand, tonally, that we're entering a hostile realm. A hard S is hardly ever a welcoming sound.

Please permit me to read that line again. Please listen for the hisses.

"From a little after two o'clock until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead September afternoon they sat in what Miss Coldfield still called the office because her father had called it that—a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for forty-three summers because when she was a

While not every sentence needs to contain a subject, object, and verb, every sentence does need to have rhythm, cadence, movement, and a pattern of sounds.



girl someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which (as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house) became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Quentin thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them.”

The Hemingway line is less about the repetition of a specific sound and more about the repetition of words. Notice that, in a relatively short line, the words “rise” and “moon” appear twice. Here it is again:

“He was waiting for the moon to rise and he felt Kibo’s hair rise under his hand as he stroked him to be quiet and they both watched and listened as the moon came up and gave them shadows.”

This is not, it seems safe to say, carelessness on Hemingway’s part. He does of course want to emphasize the image of “moonrise” on a literal level, but he’s working as well with the lulling sound of those two words, when combined. It’s hard to imagine a more soothing, lyrical word than “moon,” even if we had no idea that it referred to a heavenly body. “Rise” does contain that hard S beloved by Faulkner, but it’s balanced and mitigated by the R. This is one of the mysteries of words. A pair of hard consonants—the R followed by the S—tends to feel more balanced, less harsh. It’s the difference between the word “rise” and the word “hiss.”

So. In the Faulkner we have a hiss-y, jangly world opening up before us, and in the Hemingway a much more tranquil, harmonious one. Faulkner is all rattle; Hemingway is more cello or oboe.

In this regard, fiction and its second cousin, poetry, differ markedly from the language that surrounds us most of the time. Journalists, especially those who deliver the actual news, are expected to keep their language as simple and *unmusical* as possible. I started out as a journalism major in college, and learned, in my first class, that I was to avoid at all costs what the professor called “needless variation” in my writing. By which he meant that most incidents and acts and perpetrators and etc. could most accurately be conveyed by a single term—the most exact possible word for who they were or what they’d done—and that it was artsy and fartsy and just plain *wrong* to look for synonyms for variety’s sake. If “inquisition” or “alleged” or “murdered” was the most accurate word, one

used that word over and over again, as needed. Any attempt to produce the aforementioned “needless variation” actually rendered the story less precise, and who are you, a reporter, to muddy your meaning for the sake of prettiness on the page?

I understood completely. And promptly changed my major to English literature. Where I found myself confronted with an equally vexing but more engaging set of problems that arose from the relations between incident, thought, and language.

Gertrude Stein said, “It is hard to write poetry in a late age,” by which she meant that language tends to lose some of its evocative power through constant use, not to mention the accumulation of associations as the centuries pass. When Homer went from village to village telling stories, words like “king,” “ship,” and “rose” had more evocative power, in and of themselves, than they do today. If I say to you, a king, a ship, and a rose, your associations are so various, and so vast, as to leave you with practically nothing. You know of too many different kinds of kings, ships, and roses. It was Stein’s contention that one of the duties of the writer “in a late age,” i.e., for her, the 20th century, was to use language in such fresh, potent, and unexpected ways as to give new life to the people, places, and objects of the aging world. She is of course famous, and often derided, for her line “a rose is a rose is a rose,” but whether or not we like that particular phrase, she was trying, heroically, to revive the image of a rose by using repetition to evoke its spirals of petals, and those three repeated consonants—the R and the S—to render, musically, her sense of what a rose actually *is*. A rose is a rose is a rose. It’s an essentially abstract construction of three repeated phrases, meant to make you more vividly imagine a rose than you would if you were simply told “rose.”

Although writers of fiction—the good and the great ones, at any rate—have always written clearly and well, the notion of prose as musical started really with the Modernists, most prominently James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. It coincided, roughly, with the abandonment of naturalism by painters and the beginnings of dissonance among musicians like Debussy and Schoenberg. I mention early 20th-century music rather tentatively, because I surely know less about it than almost everyone in this room, but my passing knowledge suggests that roughly 100 years ago a revolution, with certain common qualities, swept

through all the arts. In music it was *dissonance* or *atonality*; in painting and sculpture it was *abstraction*; and in fiction... well, there’s not exactly a term for what happened in fiction, beyond “Modernism,” which tells us hardly anything at all.

One of the fundamental qualities of Modernism is its conviction that the manner in which a story is told matters at least as much and quite possibly more than does the story itself. With Modernism we move, rather abruptly, from writers like Charles Dickens and Henry James, who told us a story, and did so in elaborate but clear and distilled language, to Joyce and Woolf, who were little concerned with storytelling in the traditional sense and insisted, via their writing, that the voice *is* the story.

Consider, if you will, the opening lines of James’ *Portrait of a Lady*, written in the late 1800s, when Mahler was young and Liszt and Wagner were growing old:

“Under certain circumstances there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not—some people of course never do—the situation is in itself delightful. Those that I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country house in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon.”

I mean no disrespect to the genius of Henry James when I point out that the purpose of this paragraph is purely and simply to tell you where you are and what you might expect of the narrative to come. Although you wouldn’t necessarily deduce it from that pastoral opening, James proposes to tell you a story of high drama, centering on one Isabel Archer, who will be given a fortune and who will squander it on a deceitful cad. James’ voice is charming and cultured but, beyond its lovely fluency, it is not meant to be a series of seductive sounds. Nothing could have been farther from James’ mind.

And so, one minute (in geological time) we have *Great Expectations* and *Portrait of a Lady*, and the next we have *Ulysses* and *Mrs. Dalloway*. Both *Ulysses* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, as you probably know, are seminal works in 20th-century literature, and both, coincidentally (neither Joyce nor Woolf had any

Although writers of fiction—the good and the great ones, at any rate—have always written clearly and well, the notion of prose as musical started really with the Modernists.

idea about what the other was up to) center on a single day in the life of an ordinary person—Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses* and Clarissa Dalloway in *Mrs. Dalloway*—who start out on the morning of an ordinary day; walk around Dublin or London, respectively; perform errands; have unremarkable conversations with people they meet along the way; and then go home: Leopold to bed with his wife, Clarissa to the rather dull party she's giving for a crowd of rather dull aristocrats.

Those are, in essence, their entire plots.

Part of what James and Woolf were doing—part of what made them revolutionary—was insisting, via their work, that plot—even the plots devised by the greatest of their forebears, like Dickens and James—were by definition artificial, therefore not true to life, therefore, well, a little hokey. It's all well and good, said Joyce and Woolf—it's quite entertaining—to see Pip in *Great Expectations* made into a gentleman by a mysterious benefactor, or Isabel Archer in *Portrait of a Lady* receive a vast sum of money from her cousin Ralph—but among the population at large, the incidence of mysterious benefactors and magnanimous zillionaire cousins is relatively small. Most of our days, most of our lives, more closely resemble those of Leopold Bloom and Clarissa Dalloway than they do those of Pip or Isabel Archer. Joyce and Woolf took it upon themselves to write the stories of most people's actual lives, which tend to revolve around errands and naps and desultory conversations with acquaintances.

An obvious question immediately presents itself: As noble as that mission may be, how do you hold a reader's interest from beginning to end of a quote-unquote “story” in which almost nothing actually happens?

The answer: Write it in such a way that the language itself is so alive, so compelling, so beautiful and strange that the reader reads on as much to get to the next sentence as he does to find out what terrible new misfortune is

about to befall our stalwart hero.

And so, in Joyce's *Ulysses*, we have a passage like: “In the gloomy domed livingroom of the tower Buck Mulligan's gowned form moved briskly about the hearth to and fro, hiding and revealing its yellow glow. Two shafts of soft daylight fell across the flagged floor from the high barbicans: and at the meeting of their rays a cloud of coalsmoke and fumes of fried grease floated, turning.”

A paragraph like that is every bit as much poetry as it is prose; every bit as much music as meaning. “...gloomy domed livingroom...” “gowned form moved briskly about the hearth to and fro, hiding and revealing its yellow glow.” Enough said.

And this, in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*: “With his hat held out perfectly still in his hand, Mr. Bowley gazed straight up. All down the Mall people were standing and looking up at the sky. As they looked the whole world became perfectly silent, and a flight of gulls crossed the sky, first one gull leading, then another, and in this extraordinary silence and peace, in this pallor, in this purity, bells struck eleven times, the sound fading up there among the gulls.”

It's probably true that all art forms evolve for the same reasons other life forms do: to continue to survive by changing to fit their changing circumstances. I suspect it's no coincidence that, starting over 100 years ago, with the rise first of newspapers and then of movies and eventually of television, the written word would have to develop qualities that set it apart from all the other ways in which stories were told through language and imagery. If newspapers were more concise, and movies more visceral, a novel could still be made up of language so potent, so vivid, that no other medium could take its place. And, in evolving for survival's sake, it became more like poetry and, yes, like music.

Once the writers of the early 20th century had let the, shall we say, musical cow out of

the meaning barn, there was no coaxing her back in again. It's a short step from Joyce and Woolf to:

“Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul, Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palette to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.”

I don't imagine I need to tell you who wrote that one.

And now, it seems safe to say, there's hardly a writer worthy of the name who doesn't make a series of remarkable, utterly original sounds on the page.

“Night of your birth. Thirty-three. The Leonids they were called. God how the stars did fall. I looked for blackness, holes in the heavens. The Dipper stove.”

That's Cormac McCarthy, in *Blood Meridian*.

“124 was spiteful. Full of a baby's venom. The women in the house knew it and so did the children. For years each put up with the spite in his own way, but by 1873 Sethe and her daughter Denver were its only victims.”

That's Toni Morrison, in *Beloved*.

I hope that some of you, even in this economy, buy the occasional novel or, if that's not possible, take the occasional novel out of a library. And you may find yourselves occasionally bewildered by the vast number of titles on the shelves. I do, and reading is more or less my job.

If you feel unsure about which of several books to choose, I suggest the following. Open the book and read a paragraph at random, out loud. The sound of it—the sounds the words make as they slide and bump into each other—should feel cadenced or harmonic or percussive or marvelously arrhythmic. The idea of swaying your hips as you read should not seem entirely far-fetched. If this fails to occur, put the book back on the shelf and continue your search. If salespeople or other customers stare at you, pay them no mind. It's their problem, not yours. ☞

A person wearing a traditional conical hat is working in a vast, lush green rice field. The field is filled with tall, vibrant green rice stalks, and the person is positioned on the left side of the frame, partially obscured by the foliage. The background is a soft-focus expanse of the same green field, creating a sense of depth and tranquility.

BEING THERE

Both a teacher and a traveler himself, Saint Augustine once noted that “the world is a book, and those who do not travel read only one page.” If a page or even a picture is worth 1,000 words, then two consecutive two-week visits to China and Vietnam must merit at least a chapter. Make it eight countries in nine months and you have a multi-volume reference, Puget Sound’s Pacific Rim Asia Study-Travel Program. Ever wish you could tag along on one of these epic trips? Here’s your chance. Director of Asian Studies **Karl Fields** tells about teaching, living, and learning, immersed in the subject at hand.

The triennial academic enterprise known in Logger vernacular as PacRim began its inaugural sojourn in 1973 under the able direction of religion professor Bob Albertson. Twelve trip-cycles later I had the remarkable opportunity to walk in Professor Albertson's footsteps, offering a course last December on Chinese and Vietnamese nationalism to two dozen intrepid Puget Sound juniors and seniors.

When five-time PacRim director and Puget Sound religion professor Elisabeth Benard and I first began talking about plans for the group to spend December 2008 in China and Vietnam, I proposed teaching a course on comparative communism. This is a course I had taught for more than a decade at Puget Sound, but the dwindling numbers of communist states compelled me to shelve it in recent years. Now, with China and Vietnam two of the remaining five holdouts that at least claim to be communist states (Pop quiz: Can you name the other three?*), and with those countries on the itinerary for last year's PacRim sojourn, it seemed like the perfect time to reinstate it.

When we pitched this plan to our host institutions, though—Hwa Nan Women's College in Fuzhou, China, and Vietnam National University in Hanoi—each school firmly informed us that no courses on contemporary communism would be taught on their campuses. The tight grip of authoritarianism may have been substantially loosened since the two societies embarked on strategies of economic liberalization during the past three decades, but certain subjects, we learned, were still a bit too sensitive for comfort.

In the end we negotiated approval for me to teach a *history* course titled "Confucianism, Colonialism, and Communism: Comparative Nationalism in China and Vietnam," with the understanding that the course would examine the role of communism in the formation of nationalism and the establishment of communist republics, but *not* explore the contemporary politics of China or Vietnam (or the semantic gymnastics both regimes engage in to justify their present-day capitalist economies and authoritarian politics under the guise of Marxist-Leninist socialism).

Teaching the course *in situ*—in China and Vietnam—to two dozen inquisitive PacRimmers who already had three months of intensive experience with Asian fieldwork would lend to the class a life of its own. I wrapped up my fall semester teaching in



DAILY ROUTINE Lectures and reading in the morning, bus trips in the afternoon.

Tacoma a week early and flew to Fuzhou (a thriving coastal city in southeastern China's Fujian Province equidistant from Shanghai and Hong Kong) on December 1 and met the PacRim group, which had just arrived from Japan. Together we embarked on an experience of teaching and learning as remarkable as any I have had in my two decades at Puget Sound.

The course began with the puzzle of how modern nationalism came to two stable and highly resilient Confucian civilizations that had persisted for millennia. We posed the hypothesis that a century of humiliating Western imperial exploitation (from the 1840s to the 1940s for China and from the 1870s to the 1970s for Vietnam) first forged, and then eventually yielded to, powerful and successful communist nationalist movements that created modern nation-states justifiably proud of their revolutionary struggles and hard-won sovereignty.

Before describing how the course unfolded, I feel compelled to offer an aside: Those of us teaching in the social sciences are often envious of our colleagues in Harned and Thompson halls, who with seeming ease and confidence can develop an experiment and replicate it dozens of times on consecutive batches of fruit flies or in petri dishes under highly controlled circumstances. Political scientists seeking to understand the world around us suffer the dual curse of a multitude of largely uncontrollable variables (what, after all, causes war or revolution?) and far too few cases (less than 200 sovereign nation states at last count). Given these constraints, I explained to the students that the relatively comparable cases of China and

Vietnam presented an ideal pair to analyze, sharing remarkably similar environments and outcomes, yet claiming significant differences as well. Understanding both the causes and effects of these similarities and differences became our quest.

We learned that for more than 2,000 years, the philosophy of Confucianism dominated both pre-modern China and Vietnam, and informed their familial, social, and political organizations. The resulting institutions, such as the equal inheritance of property, relatively open social orders, bureaucratic recruitment systems based on merit, and a legitimate means of transferring power between dynasties (the so-called "mandate of heaven"), gave these societies remarkable durability because they afforded social and political mobility unusual in complex pre-modern societies.

But Confucianism became so deeply entrenched in both societies that each was far too complacent, inward-looking, and ill-prepared to deal with the technological superiority and zeal of Western imperialism, which quickly penetrated both China and Vietnam in the 19th century. Sun Yat-sen, China's first great 20th-century nationalist, complained bitterly that Confucian Chinese civilization was little more than a "heap of loose sand." It looked like a nation, with more than 4,000 years of continuous history, but possessed no unity. He protested that each time he or others sought to gather the Chinese "nation" in defense of Chinese sovereignty, it simply crumbled apart. Each grain of sand—each Chinese family or clan—was entirely self-sufficient. It had no loyalty to a

* Give up? They're North Korea, Laos, and Cuba.



LIVING HISTORY Left: Locals listen in as Professor Fields lectures PacRim students on the 1929 conference in which Mao Zedong outlined his strategy of Chinese peasant revolution. He lectures outside the ancestral hall where Mao's conference took place. Right: This former Vietnamese soldier asked Professor Fields to photograph him at the Vietnamese Army Museum, with its display of captured American war materiel.

national identity, let alone a central government. Sun and other Asian nationalists looked admiringly at the powerful sense of nationalism in neighboring Meiji, Japan, that enabled rapid modernization and spared the Japanese from the predations of Western imperialism.

Both China and Japan were pre-modern Confucian societies largely closed to outside contact since the 17th century and violently opened by Western imperialism in the middle of the 18th century. But unlike China's institutions of equal inheritance, meritocratic social mobility, and a legitimate means of political transfer of power through the mandate of heaven, Japan had developed policies that afforded much less financial, social, and political mobility. Like Norman England, Japan practiced a policy of primogeniture (wealth inherited by the first-born son) and maintained a rigidly closed caste system and a continuous lineage of imperial reign. These differences brewed social tension and political instability within feudal Japan, priming the country to accept change and modern nationalism more readily and successfully than its continental counterparts, China and Vietnam. In fact, by the middle of the 20th century, many would conclude Japan's embrace of nationalism had been far too successful.

But while Vietnam shared China's Confucian heritage (in Hanoi we were able to visit the Temple of Literature, a Confucian university that schooled bureaucrats in Confucian philosophy for more than 700 years beginning in the 11th century), it had also alternately suffered and resisted Chinese imperialism for

nearly 2,000 years. This heritage meant that even though Vietnam was no better prepared than China to resist the onslaught of Western colonial ambitions, the Vietnamese already had a keen sense of national identity that served

Having read, discussed,
and debated Mao's
particular version of
peasant nationalism,
we took a weekend
excursion into the
remote hill country
of Fujian Province.

them well as they struggled to establish national sovereignty.

Ultimately, powerful nationalist movements of independence did come to both China and Vietnam, but it took the crucible of decades of devastating anti-colonial and civil wars. For China, this included more than 20 years of almost continuous civil war and a horrendous conflict with Japan (which had acquired its own imperialist proclivities) from 1931 to 1945. In the case of Vietnam, guerilla nationalists first resisted the French, then the Japanese, then defeated the French in 1954 only to square

off for the next two decades against the South Vietnamese and their American supporters. At tremendous cost, these civil and foreign wars forged genuine nationalist movements and created modern national identities for the overwhelming majority of Chinese and Vietnamese citizens. Devotion to family and clan were superseded by loyalty to broadly cast nationalist movements, led by heroic nationalists who also happened to be communists. Nationalist and communist ideologies gave to these newly established nation-states, and the communist parties that led them, powerful sources of unity and legitimacy.

But why did communist movements succeed in uniting these two fledgling nation-states where other nationalist movements failed? Herein lies a great irony. Marx and Lenin predicted that the revolutionary working class of Europe's industrialized societies would lead the world to communism. Marx dismissed peasants as "rural idiots" and Lenin referred to them as useless "vermin." And yet it was precisely in the pre-industrialized agrarian societies of Russia, China, Vietnam, and elsewhere in the post-colonial world that communism succeeded. Pragmatically (and heretically), Mao Zedong embraced Marx's "idiots" and Lenin's "vermin" as the driving force of a revolution that would first liberate China from Western and Japanese imperialism and then provide an "iron rice bowl" to China's half-a-billion impoverished peasants. Ho Chi Minh called communism a "miraculous weapon" that he employed to inspire sacrifice, perseverance, and unity among the Vietnamese peasants. For these and other

fledgling anti-colonial, peasant-based, nationalist movements, communism was intelligible; it was awesome; indeed, it was miraculous.

IMMERSED IN HISTORY

Compressing the 2,000-year history of the forging of two nations into two two-week field trips proved no small task. On most days the course supplemented intensive reading assignments and morning lectures with afternoon and weekend visits to local venues of historical significance. A morning lecture on Confucian philosophy by the former president of Hwa Nan Women's College led to an excursion that afternoon to Fuzhou's Confucian museum. My lecture on European imperialism in China prepared us for an afternoon visit to the actual site and memorial of the devastatingly one-sided Sino-French naval battle in Fuzhou Harbor (the Chinese lost 3,000 sailors in the battle, the French 10). Later that afternoon we visited a 19th-century British prison built to incarcerate Chinese who resisted the imperial presence. Our discussion of the role of American missionaries in expanding Western influence in China was brought to life by a tour of the original campus of Hwa Nan Women's College, established in 1908 by Iowa missionary and educator Lydia Trimble. In fact, Hwa Nan's hosting of PacRim was just the latest chapter in a long relationship between Puget Sound and Hwa Nan (see sidebar).

Having read, discussed, and debated Mao's particular version of peasant nationalism, we took a weekend excursion into the remote hill country of Fujian Province. In the small mountainous redoubt of Gutian, Mao first pronounced his strategy of peasant revolution in a consequential 1929 conference that gathered China's rag-tag band of communist nationalists in what proved to be an ideological turning point in the revolution. Presented on a grassy bluff outside the ancestral hall where the conference took place, my lecture to the class (and to curious Chinese onlookers and a few wandering chickens) about this key historical event proved to be one of my most memorable PacRim moments.

Likewise, we acquired firsthand experience of French imperialism as we stood at the guillotine displayed in the infamous "Hanoi Hilton," which got its start as the Maison Centrale, the French colonial prison that detained (and at times beheaded) Vietnamese resistance fighters long before it held John McCain as a prisoner of another war. The Vietnamese Army Museum, with its display of dozens of captured



Top: the first Trimble Hall at Hwa Nan College, with lettering obliterated during the Cultural Revolution. Center: Hwa Nan's just-completed Trimble Hall on its new campus. Bottom: the Trimble Hall residence at Puget Sound.

American aircraft, tanks, and jeeps, reminded us as Americans of the tragic costs of war to all participants.

And we came to understand some of the power of Ho Chi Minh's legacy and his charismatic personality cult as we filed somberly, two-by-two, with arms at our side, past the embalmed remains of "Dear Uncle Ho," under the watchful eye of a stern Vietnamese honor guard.

Because of the restrictions on what I could teach, this is where my course on Chinese and Vietnamese history ended. But through obser-

THREE TRIMBLE HALLS

Hwa Nan Women's College (which hosted PacRimmers for two weeks last year) and Puget Sound are linked not just by their legacy as Methodist colleges but also by the Trimble family and its generous service and contributions to both institutions.

Robert A. Trimble '37 was born in 1915 to medical missionary parents Dr. Charles Garnet Trimble and Edith Alford Trimble in Gutian, a small village upriver from Fuzhou, China. Bob's great aunt, Lydia Trimble, founded and presided over Hwa Nan Women's College there. His uncle, Fred Trimble, designed and supervised construction of the campus on Nantai Island in the Min River, opposite the ancient walled city of Fuzhou. In honor of this legacy of generous service by the family, one of the buildings on the original campus was named Trimble Hall. After revolutionary unrest forced the Trimbles to return from their missionary service in China, they settled in Tacoma, where C. Garnet Trimble was a physician at the College of Puget Sound for many years.

Last year, Hwa Nan completed construction on the first phase of an entirely new campus on the outskirts of the city. This new campus also features a Trimble Hall.

Back in Tacoma, the Puget Sound residence building completed in 2002, C. Garnet Trimble Hall—the third Trimble Hall—honors Dr. Trimble and was made possible in large part by a gift from the Trimble family.

ations and in conversations the PacRimmers and I had with students at our host universities and with many other locals, we learned much about contemporary China and Vietnam as well.

THE FOUR 'C'S

As we experienced contemporary nationalism in these two ostensibly communist and decidedly authoritarian regimes, it became readily apparent that both countries have tried to hang on to the legacies of their heroic revolutionary struggles for national independence. But



NATIONAL TREASURE In Hanoi, PacRimmers heard two lectures by 93-year-old Professor of Vietnamese Culture Huu Ngoc (here, at left; Professor Fields at center), one of Vietnam's most renowned and best-loved scholars.

over the years much of this legitimacy has been squandered on wrong-headed radical campaigns such as China's Great Leap Forward in the 1950s and Cultural Revolution in the 1960s, and Vietnam's forced socialization of the South following the fall of Saigon in the 1970s. Much, too, was lost through the inefficiencies and corruption of their socialist com-

liberalization policy of Reform and Opening in 1978 and Vietnam launched its version of the same policy—*doi moi* or Renovation—eight years later in 1986. These highly successful measures brought unprecedented prosperity to the masses in both countries in implicit exchange for political quiescence, or what the Chinese call *ditou bikou* (head down, mouth shut), which

Chinese and Vietnamese societies are far more diverse, complex, and autonomous than they once were, and not easily controlled by monolithic communist party-states.

mand economies. As the founding legitimacy has waned, both of these communist dinosaurs have sought other means to justify authoritarian rule and maintain monopoly control of political power in the hands of communist party states. I have discussed these tools of control with my students as the four "C"s of communist control:

Capitalism: China launched its economic

was demonstrated so forcefully in the crack-down on demonstrators at Tiananmen Square in 1989. There remains an unspoken social contract of performance legitimacy in both of these countries: As long as the communist party-state can deliver continued economic prosperity, the bulk of Chinese and Vietnamese citizens have been willing to forgo serious calls for dramatic political change.

Co-optation: Both the ruling Chinese Communist Party and the Communist Party of Vietnam have begun to co-opt the growing number of wealthy capitalists that rapid industrialization has fostered by granting them coveted membership in the ruling parties. While Marx, Mao, and Ho are certainly turning over in their graves at the inclusion of these so-called "Red Capitalists," it has given the *nouveau riche* in both countries a vested interest in the status quo and little incentive to promote something as potentially destabilizing as political reform.

Censorship: Despite, or perhaps because of, the explosion of digital technology in these two Asian nations (China has an estimated half-billion cell phone users and more than 300 million 'netizens), information remains highly restricted. The party-states seek to fill this vacuum with ubiquitous government-sponsored propaganda on topics ranging from the need to "surf the net in a healthy fashion" and "offer up your finest sons to serve in the military," to prescribing the proper number of children (one in China, two in Vietnam) and proscribing where one "ought not casually spit" (leading the subversive among us to wonder if non-casual spitting fell under a separate regimen). Conversations with local students and intellectuals made it clear that even if the Great Fire Wall of China has thus far shielded the citizenry from becoming too contaminated by "bourgeois spiritual pollution," the tensions between the overweening reach of the state and mushrooming digital information can only grow.

Coercion: When all else fails, both regimes have regularly resorted to surveillance, arrest, and even execution as important tools of authoritarian control. I received a tangible reminder of the firm grip of the state on one of our last days in China. While taking a picture of a propaganda slogan painted on a wall in the neighborhood of the Hwa Nan campus (and after lecturing that morning on, among other things, the nature of authoritarianism), I inadvertently photographed the entrance to a local military installation. Immediately upon snapping the picture, four armed military officers emerged from the compound, seized me, confiscated my camera, and detained me for over an hour in a small, windowless room. After four rounds of questioning by progressively higher-ranking officers, the guards destroyed the errant photo, returned the camera, and sent me on my way.

As effective as these four tools have been, Chinese and Vietnamese societies are becoming far more diverse, complex, and autonomous

than they once were, and not easily controlled by monolithic communist party-states. Moreover, as economic growth slows (the ranks of unemployed in China's once-booming coastal factories and the factories of the Mekong Delta were just beginning to swell last December in response to the global financial crisis) and threatens the social contract of performance legitimacy, it will become increasingly tempting for these regimes to stir the embers of nationalism. As I explained to the students, nationalism can be a powerful substitute for democracy: It is inclusive and participatory, but can remain decidedly hierarchical. State-sponsored nationalism can deflect concern for problems at home toward threats, slights, or enemies abroad, either real or conjured.

China's justifiable national pride in its recent successful hosting of the Beijing Olympics has been accompanied by more strident forms of popular nationalist sentiment expressed in recent years in anti-Japanese riots, and anger at Western concern and portrayal of events in Tibet. Although some of this has been sanctioned by the state, at times this hypernationalism has spun out of control. Even some Chinese now worry about a recent phenomenon that is referred to as China's "angry youth" (*fenqing*), a "new generation of neo-con nationalists." And so, ironically, this loose heap of sand, this Chinese nation-state that Sun Yat-sen had bemoaned possessed too little nationalism—and was therefore victimized by Western imperialism—may in fact now have more nationalism

than it bargained for or can even handle.

Vietnam, on the other hand, seems to have avoided some of these challenges. *The Economist* magazine recently referred to Vietnam's variant of capitalist communism as "China-lite." It concludes that, compared to China, Vietnam is a bit less harsh with its dissidents and a bit more permissive in allowing access to foreign Web sites. Its national parliament is not quite the rubber stamp of China's, and perhaps learning from China's mistakes, its health and education systems have more easily weathered the transition from socialism to a market economy. And where China has "enforced a one-child policy harshly; Vietnam has a two-child policy, pursued half-heartedly." Although Vietnam's liberalization policies are shorter-lived than China's reform and opening, and its treatment by the West in past decades perhaps even more brutal, generally speaking the Vietnamese seemed to us a bit kinder and gentler, less willing to take offense.

Perhaps the most impressive demonstration of this congenial temperament came in the form of a 93-year-old "national cultural treasure" whom we were privileged to meet during our time in Hanoi. Professor of Vietnamese Culture Huu Ngoc is one of Vietnam's most renowned and best-loved scholars. He gave two lectures on Vietnam's 2,000-year love-hate relationship with China and its much shorter but similarly stormy relationship with the West. Yoda-like in stature, with thick, black-framed glasses, Professor Huu ambled into our class-

room the first day having walked the nearly six miles from his apartment to the campus. He placed his worn backpack on the desk, picked up a piece of chalk, and commenced a two-hour talk on Vietnamese Confucianism in fluent English, with an energy and enthusiasm certainly unmatched by this professor (at roughly half his age). In his second lecture he spoke incisively and without recrimination about the century of Western imperialism in his country and its consequences for the Vietnamese people and nation. This dispassionate instruction was offered by a man who fought for nearly four decades in the Vietnamese resistance movement, first against the French in the 1930s, then the Japanese during the 1940s, once again against the French in the 1950s, and finally the Americans in the 1960s.

Self-described as an exporter and importer of culture, Professor Huu speaks five languages fluently. Above all, he speaks the universal language of cultural tolerance and intellectual curiosity, the common tongue of learning on the road and a dialect with which our PacRim students became very familiar. Professor Huu's most recent book, a 1,100-page volume in English, is titled *Wandering Through Vietnamese Culture*, which, as it happens, also describes well instruction *in situ*, the hallmark of PacRim teaching and learning. ☞

For blog and wiki reports of the 2008–2009 group's experience, see <http://sites.google.com/site/upspacrim>.

A JOURNEY, NOT A DESTINATION...AND A REUNION!

PacRimmers of Puget Sound unite: Oct. 9–11

Nearly 400 Puget Sound students have participated in the Pacific Rim/Asia Study-Travel Program since the program began, and the university has hosted reunions at eight-year intervals, beginning with the 1993 "Albertson Years" reunion and followed by the 2001 "Langbauer Years" reunion, in recognition of retired religion professor Del Langbauer's unstinting support of the program. As religion professor Elisabeth Benard has now completed her fifth PacRim journey, all PacRimmers and friends are invited to gather during Homecoming and Family Weekend, Oct. 9–11, 2009. Like past reunions, this gathering will include panel presentations by PacRim alumni and former directors and a gala banquet with keynote speaker on Friday; a reception for all PacRimmers, directors, staff, families, and friends on Saturday; and a farewell brunch and address on Sunday morning. For additional information and updates, see www.pugetsound.edu/homecoming.





Hollywood is *Mad* for Darby Stanchfield

By Stacey Wilson '96

You probably don't know Darby Stanchfield by name, but chances are very good that if you saw her in line at Starbucks you'd think, "How do I know that woman?"

The 1993 Puget Sound grad has been getting a lot of that lately. After a decade of slogging it out in Hollywood for parts in commercials, TV shows, and movies, the theater-trained actress is a bona fide star. Darby's credits to date number in the dozens, including a groundbreaking turn as a mysterious divorcee on AMC's juggernaut series *Mad Men*; a memorable stint as a small-town doctor in the fan-favorite *Jericho*; a small role in the deliciously sweet film *Waitress*; and, most recently, playing hottie Nathan Fillion's cougar-ish ex-wife on ABC's just-renewed "dramedy" *Castle*, which returns this fall to its coveted time-slot of Mondays at 10 p.m. after *Dancing with the Stars*.

On a sunny, breezy afternoon in May, Darby is wearing a long white sundress and a blue cardigan, which set off her long crimson hair nicely. She is taking in the spectacular (and oddly smog-free) view of Los Angeles from the shrouded patio of her home in the Hollywood Hills as we chat about her life since Puget Sound. Despite her enviable perch above the masses, Darby has that *thing* I've noticed in every UPS alum I've met and written about for *Arches* in the last eight years—that sort of earthy, authentic Logger vibe that makes you swear you've known someone far longer than 10 or so minutes.

In our two-hour chat, Darby dishes on her unconventional journey to L.A., what it's like to be on TV's most critically lauded show, how shampoo commercials saved her life ("They have paid a lot of bills"), and her plan for when all the acting stuff "dries up." Aside from playing coy about her dating status (she does need to keep some things private), Darby projects none of the nonsense I've encountered in other celebrity types, and all the humor and candor I'd expect from a Logger living in La La Land.

SW: Speaking on behalf of all rabid *Mad Men* fans, I think the character of Helen Bishop was a major highlight of the first season and briefly of the second. What was it like playing her and working with former *Sopranos* writer-producer Matthew Weiner?

DS: It's absolutely my favorite role to date, and Matthew is a genius. He's very, very specific about what he wants, to the point of "I want a red lunch pail on the table, sitting at a 90-degree angle. And I want you and you to smoke, but not you." What he writes is the bible. But you don't want to change his words anyway because they are so delicious.

Didn't he ask you to cut your hair, and you refused?

(Laughs.) Yes. I told him no, primarily because

it's one thing that sets me apart from other actresses, and I had no idea how long I'd be on the show. I was also recurring on *NCIS* at the time. But I told Matt, "If you make me a series regular, you can shave my head!"

The funny thing is that Helen's look was the perfect symbol of her inability to fit in.

Yes. They ended up writing it into the script, where the neighborhood ladies are gossiping about my hair.

*I've never harbored any secret desire to be an actor, but every time I see the *Mad Men* cast accepting awards for the show, I get so jealous.*

They are so great. Everyone was relatively unknown before the show, which I think helped. Matthew wasn't setting out to do a "star" vehicle. And since *Mad Men*, things have opened up for me a lot because it's a show that industry people watch.

Before I nerd out any further about the show, tell me how you ended up in this crazy place. Didn't you grow up in Alaska?

Yes, I was born and raised in Kodiak and then moved to Dutch Harbor in the Aleutian Islands. My dad was a commercial crab fisherman for 20 years. We saw him once or twice a month, so my mom basically raised me and my sister on her own.

And then your family moved to Washington state when you were in high school. That must have been traumatic!

When I was 16 we moved to Edmonds briefly, then to Mercer Island. Yes, it was a major shock. The food, movie theaters, pop culture, freeways—everything was new. I had to take driving school again, even though I already had my license, just to cope! But the worst part was dealing with cliques in school. I didn't understand people being segregated into groups.



Richard Cartwright

There weren't enough people for cliques in Alaska! If I'd stayed, there would have been 10 people total in my graduating class.

How did you decide on Puget Sound for college?

It was one of the smallest schools I could find within driving distance of home. I also really liked the small classes, one-on-one attention, and the core curriculum. I wanted to major in theater, but my dad talked me out of it. "You can be an actor after college," he said. So I majored in communications and minored in theater. And I'm glad I did.

Any particular highlights from your studies?

Professor Susan Owen had a huge impact on me, especially the class she taught on pornography.

I was born and raised in Kodiak, Alaska. Moving to Edmonds when I was 16 was a major culture shock.

Playing *Mad Men*'s rebellious single mother Helen Bishop, (seen at left with Betty Draper, played by January Jones) in the much-lauded show's first season was Darby's "favorite role to date ... an incredible experience." (Above) Darby takes her last breath as the stoic physician April Green on CBS's apocalyptic drama *Jericho*. The show's brisk cancellation after one season induced a rabid response among fans, who demanded—and won—a second.

Aha! So she directly influenced your decision to be an actress.

(Laughs.) Oh, no I shouldn't have said that! No seriously, Sue inspired and pushed me to become a thinker. I also got a really nice taste of theater at UPS, performing in plays at the Inside Theatre. And I spent a lot of time commuting back and forth with the Freehold acting conservatory in Seattle. I liked studying with people who were older, working actors.

Because you can only learn so much from your peers.

Exactly. It's like playing a sport. You want to play people who are better; people who are 10 steps ahead.

So did you move straight to L.A. after school and do the classic wait-tables-and-live-in-a-crummy-apartment thing?

No. I applied to five graduate schools for theater, including NYU, Yale, and Juilliard. And I didn't get into any of them. I was devastated! But I think I knew I wasn't ready. For a long time I had problems admitting that I could be an actor. I was looking for someone to tell me to do it, and all I got was, "You can't. There are millions of people in L.A. trying to be actors." So I stayed in Seattle for three years, temped at my dad's fishing-boat company, and waited tables at Chandler's Crabhouse. At about the three-year mark, an acting-mentor of mine named John Billingsley, said to me, "Darb, either go to L.A., or go to grad school. What are you waiting for?" For whatever reason, school made sense, so I reapplied. I got wait-listed at Yale, and I got into ACT [American Conservatory Theater] in San Francisco.

How did it feel to get into ACT?

I was at my dad's office, probably photocopying something, when I got the call. I was in shock. When I told my dad, I knew it was then that he first saw me as a "real actor." I love him for forcing me to really dig deep because it toughened me up before I got to L.A. And for the record, he is my biggest fan today. (Laughs.)

ACT is a very rigorous, three-year-long theater boot camp of sorts. How did it prepare you for Hollywood?

You work your ass off there. Dialect classes. Movement classes. Rehearsing at night. You're always in a show. After I left ACT, I was able to secure an agent pretty easily, which is the biggest advantage of going to the school. There is a certain caliber of agency interested in people with theater backgrounds.

Did you start auditioning right away?

Yes, I threw myself out there. I waited tables again to pay bills, and I auditioned for two years straight before I got my first job. Within three years, I was able to support myself just doing commercials.

Anything I might have seen?

Oh, gosh. I've done every kind of ad under the sun! Circuit City, Wal-Mart, McDonald's, Chilis To Go, and quite a few for Herbal Essences shampoo. Like I said earlier, the hair has been good. It's paid a lot of bills. And I'm lucky that I have a very "commercial" look.

Speaking of paying bills, it sounds like you've also become a bit of a real estate mogul of late.

As soon as I was able to support myself doing commercials, I started socking away money. I bought an apartment building in [the L.A. neighborhood] Silver Lake as an extra investment, gutted and renovated it, and now I manage it. That's how I afford to live here! I also have a guest house in the back of this place, so between the two, I have something to fall back on when things get slow. I don't want to have to wait tables at 40 years old if the acting dries up.

Wow. You might be the most grounded, well-adjusted person working in showbiz.

(Laughs.) Well, I have to be! I started late in acting, relatively speaking. If I had the résumé I have now at 20 years old, I'd be in a much different situation. But the path I took made sense every step of the way. I have such a good

life now, it's ridiculous. And I appreciate it all so much more because it took a while to get here.

More than, say, some teenager who falls into some crappy sitcom her dad is producing.

Exactly. It wasn't handed to me. I think, too, there was a shift for me about three years ago, before *Jericho*. I stopped caring so much and instead focused more on achieving a balance between working really hard and telling people, "This is who I am, take it or leave it." I stopped trying to fit a mold.

Jericho was an intense drama about a small Kansas town reeling from widespread terrorist attacks. It was a huge cult hit for CBS. How did the part of April Green, the town doctor, come to you?

I auditioned. At first I was just the wife of someone, with a baby, but when the show got picked up they took the baby away and made me the town doctor for 15 episodes. It was great.

The show lasted only two seasons, from 2006 to 2008. Wasn't there some insane campaign by fans to keep it on the air?

It was officially canceled after one season and fans went nuts. They got together and mailed 40,000 pounds of peanuts to CBS in protest, which worked and kept the show alive for a second season. I still get fan mail and calls for interviews, and I was just a recurring character who died halfway through the first season! It's crazy.

It's said a good actor always returns to the stage. Have you had a chance to dip into the L.A. theater scene?

The last play I did was Mamet's *Oleanna* at the Malibu Stage Company, right before *Jericho*. Anytime I'm feeling flabby as an actor I try to do theater. It's just such a shame you can't make a living at it ... well, at least not the kind of living I want to make. (Laughs.)

Do you have a dream project?

It's interesting that you ask that. I'm exploring the idea of producing. Having the apartment building has given me all the skills I need: dealing with blueprints, subcontracting services, not being afraid to fire somebody, working with a budget. One reason to produce is to make money, which usually doesn't happen. The other is to custom-create a vehicle for yourself. So I've been meeting with writers and seeing if there is anything out there that just floors me.

Maybe someday, acting will be what waiting tables once was for you: a sure thing.

Yes, hopefully! I think I'm known enough in the TV and commercial world for that to happen. So it's a question of pursuing producing or maybe doing another building....

I don't know, Darby. It just doesn't seem like you have enough going on. What else you got lined up?

(Laughs.) I don't know! We'll see.

And in the meantime, you can sit out here and enjoy your spectacular view of La La Land.

You know, I've lived here two years, and it took me until recently to stop feeling guilty and "I don't deserve this!" I didn't think I'd live in a place like this for a long time. But there was some serious risk-taking that got me here, I suppose.

Do you think that Hollywood in 2009 is a place where real talent matters?

I think so, but you have to really look for the people who care. The art of acting, the integrity of it, is definitely losing its ground. When I first came here, I said, "I want be a working actor." And now that I am, I'm more picky. Sometimes I'll take a part because the show will be great on my résumé, or I get paid really well. But very often I don't like the writing. I'm so tired of crime dramas. There are only so many ways to show someone dying, you know?

Which is exactly why a show like Mad Men is such a critical darling. It was built on nothing but integrity from the ground up.

True. It's funny, I guest-starred on *Private Practice* last season, and one day on the set I noticed [*Practice* star] Kate Walsh staring at me. She asked, "How do I know you?" and I said, "Um, do you watch *Mad Men*?" She went nuts. "Oh my God. You're the divorcée! I would die to be on that show. I begged Matt to write me a part but he won't." I mean, this woman has *her own spinoff* from *Grey's Anatomy* and is kissing my feet? Pretty funny.

See! Even movie star celebrity types are jealous of you.

(Laughs.) Yes. I'm very lucky, in large part because I haven't been typecast yet. On *Castle*, I'm a Beverly Hills hoochie-mama. Totally sexy, stirring up trouble. On *Jericho*, I was a salt-of-the-earth, small-town doctor. And then the complex, period role on *Mad Men*. I do often pinch myself and say, "I get paid to do this? I get paid to pretend?" It's a pretty great living. 📺

There's more information about Darby's roles and photo stills from her shows on her Web site, www.darbystanchfield.com.

Dana Patrick



I've done every kind of ad under the sun! Circuit City, Wal-Mart, McDonald's, Chilis To Go, and quite a few for Herbal Essences shampoo. ... The hair has been good. It's paid a lot of bills.

Alumni and parents calendar

Upcoming on-campus and regional events

PROFS ON THE ROAD SERIES

"Which Way Is Up? Conditions for Economic Recovery," with Professors Doug Goodman and Bruce Mann

Chicago – September 9

Twin Cities – September 10

TACOMA REGIONAL ALUMNI CLUB PUB NIGHT – October 8

Grab your Logger gear and join the Tacoma Regional Alumni Club for an unofficial kickoff to Homecoming Weekend!

Everyone is meeting at The Hub (in Tacoma's Stadium District) at 7:30 p.m. For more information, check out the Tacoma Regional Alumni Club's Web page on LOGGER[net]: www.alumniconnections.com/loggernet/loggerpages

HOMECOMING AND FAMILY WEEKEND – October 9 and 10

Together for the first time!

We've taken the best of both weekends and combined them into one big event! Register today at www.pugetsound.edu/homecoming. Highlights include:

- President's Welcome Reception
- Reunion activities honoring the classes of '54, '59, '64, '69, '74, '79, '84, '89, '94, '99, and '04
- Football: Loggers versus the Menlo College Oaks
- Logger tailgate
- Faculty presentations
- Student-sponsored events, hosted by ASUPS and the Student Alumni Association
- Affinity group gatherings, including events for the Business Leadership Program, Geology, PacRim, and Phi Mu Alpha

To find out more about alumni and parent events, go to www.pugetsound.edu/alumnievents.xml, or call the alumni and parent relations office at 253-879-3245 or 800-339-3312.

Recent alumni events

Once a Logger always a Logger, in Seattle, Denver, and L.A.



JUNE 5 – LOGGER NIGHT AT SAFECO FIELD More than 200 alumni cheered on the Seattle Mariners as they took on the Minnesota Twins. The event was organized by the Seattle and Tacoma Regional Alumni Clubs. The game went into extra innings—alas, the Mariners lost by one—but it was a win



JUNE 18 – FATTAIL ART GALLERY, DENVER Parents, alumni, and a few current students joined the Denver Regional Alumni Club for a reception with President Ron Thomas and Mary Thomas. The UPSers then headed into the "classroom" for Professor Karl Fields' presentation "Reports from the Rim: Teaching and Learning on Puget Sound's Sojourn Through Asia."

CALL FOR NOMINATIONS ALUMNI AWARDS

We are proud that so many Puget Sound graduates go on to contribute to their communities, professions, and our university. The annual Alumni Awards recognize these accomplishments. Do you know an alumna or alumnus who deserves recognition? Please let us know.

Professional Achievement Award

Given to alumni whose professional careers and work exemplify the intellectual curiosity, active inquiry, and reasoned independence that a Puget Sound education develops. Recipients have gained national or international recognition in their careers in a manner that reflects positively on the university.

Service to Community Award

This award is presented to alumni whose commitment, skill, and dedication have had a significant impact in their communities. Through voluntary service in artistic, recreational, educational, human service or other worthy organizations, recipients of this award better the quality of life around them.

Service to the University Award

This award takes many forms of service into consideration: volunteer involvement with the alumni and parent relations office, with the annual fund, in academic or other departments on campus, in the regions where alumni live and work, or in public relations.

Young Logger Award

This award is presented to a current student or recent graduate who has made significant contributions to creating programs that bring alumni and students together, that familiarize students with the alumni association, and that encourage class identification.

A nomination form can be found at www.pugetsound.edu/nomination.

Thank you!

Ken McGill '61

Chair, Alumni Council Awards and Nominating Committee



for the assembled Loggers, who had the opportunity to reconnect with friends. To learn more about the Regional Alumni Club in your area, visit: www.alumniconnections.com/logger/net/loggerpages.



MAY 26 – DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION, L.A. MUSIC CENTER Linda Pederson, Dennis Pederson '62, Jill George P'10, Randy George P'10, and Jeff Slottow '67 at a reception with President Ron Thomas and Mary Thomas. Afterward, economics profs Bruce Mann and Doug Goodman gave their presentation "Which Way is Up? Conditions for Economic Recovery."

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Fumiko Takahashi Kimura B.S.'54, M.A.'77

Serious about play

"Some people just think I have a wonderful hobby," says Fumiko Kimura, laughing. "But they do not realize how much I've studied and worked to get here." A second-generation Japanese American who was born in Idaho, she and her family traveled to Japan in 1940 for a visit with her grandparents. While there, though, her mother became ill, forcing them to extend their visit. Then World War II broke out, and the family was stranded for more than seven years. Fumiko attended third through ninth grades in Japan. In the process, she learned Nihonga—Japanese-style painting—along with Western watercolor techniques. When her family was allowed to return to the States, Fumiko, the eldest child, and one of her brothers returned first to scout out opportunities for the family in Tacoma.

At age 17, Fumiko lived with area families, working as a housekeeper in exchange for room and board while attending Stadium High School. One of the families she worked for was that of Junia Todd Hallen, daughter of longtime Puget Sound President Edward H. Todd. Junia helped Fumiko with her English, encouraged her to attend college, and even helped pay her tuition. At college, Fumiko met Yoshikiyo Kimura '52, a fellow chemistry major. The two were married in 1954. After graduation, Fumiko worked at Puget Sound helping graduate students with their research. Later, after earning her master's in art, she was a watercolor and sumi instructor in the UPS art department.

The purpose of art, she says, and perhaps life itself, is to move from a place of chaos to a place of peace. This thought is reflected in her recent series titled "Pathos to Peace," which combines what she calls mixed-sumi media—working with various materials including artist-made papers and even inks concocted by crushing and sifting household fireplace charcoal. The result, Fumiko says, is rough and "gutsy."

Still prolific at nearly 80 years old, she continues to share her knowledge by volunteer-teaching senior citizens in Fircrest, Wash., and also as an advisor to Puget Sound Sumi Artists, a group she co-founded in 1986.

Fumiko has received more than 40 awards in regional, national, and international competitions. "Pathos to Peace" is her contribution to a three-artist exhibition. Under the umbrella title of "Ink Connections," the show will run from Oct. 12 to Dec. 14, 2009, at The Gallery at Tacoma Community College. A large selection of Fumiko's collage and sumi work can be seen at The American Art Company, located in Tacoma's Broadway Plaza.

— Cathy Tollefson '83



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Todd Benjamin '73, journalist and financial analyst

Keep on pushing

Todd Benjamin has been a busy man this first week of March. He flew from Dubai to San Francisco, then zigzagged up to Tacoma. Tomorrow he returns to his home in London. On campus for a visit made possible by the Catherine Gould Chism Fund in the Humanities and Arts, he met with faculty and students, and will wrap up with a panel discussion at Kilworth Memorial Chapel.

"You've got to have passion," he told me as we walked past Todd Field on our way to lunch in the SUB. "You've got to work hard on things that are worthwhile. You always have to keep learning, keep driving."

"When I was at UPS," he said, "one of my English professors, Esther Wagner, was very influential to me, especially when I was trying to find a job just out of school. She pushed me to have clarity of thought in my messages. Even after I graduated, she would write me these beautiful, thoughtful letters and keep pushing and refining the writing skills I developed in school. Part of that effort allowed me to explore who I wanted to be."

The effort paid off. Todd never allowed the word 'no' to enter his vocabulary and never used the economic climate as an excuse to not look for a job. After graduation he slept on the apartment floors of friends for six months, finally finding someone who would hire him, in Yuma, Ariz. "The hiring manager had nine months of experience, and I had none, but he figured between the two of us we could figure it out."

That man was Lou Dobbs, now anchor and managing editor of CNN's *Lou Dobbs Tonight*.

Between bites of a turkey sandwich, Todd skips ahead to the financial state of the world and how it affects us all.

"I'm bearish on the economy and have been for a long time. We've dug ourselves into a massive hole, and it's going to be hard to extricate ourselves," he said. "I'm concerned that global instability will lead to political instability, and therefore rising economic nationalism and rising protectionism, which becomes a bigger threat than terrorism."

When will we bottom out? I ask.

"Realistically, not for a few years. Right now we need the stimulus package to set a floor, but as it stands we're enduring a death by a thousand cuts. We need to focus on our plan differently—it will be more effective spending on infrastructure. As a result it's not going to feel like growth. But the biggest problem is housing. As long as housing is falling the economy can't recover."

So what should we do?

"We all can't use the economy as an excuse. We need to focus our energies and take this crisis as an opportunity and use the resources available from all angles. Look, I believe in America. America is resilient. Anything is possible. I am confident about one thing: We will get out of this. All financial crises end. They just end in different ways."

And with that, I shook his hand and he walked briskly to Kilworth Chapel for his next event... keeping with him the passion and determination apparent in everything he does.

— Paul Weigel '91

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- Parent Workshops
- Logger Tailgate
- Football vs. Menlo College Oaks
- Reunion Reception and Dinner, honoring alumni in the classes ending in 4 and 9
- Affinity group gatherings, including Business Leadership Program, Geology, PacRim, and Phi Mu Alpha
- Wheelock Student Center's 50th Birthday

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